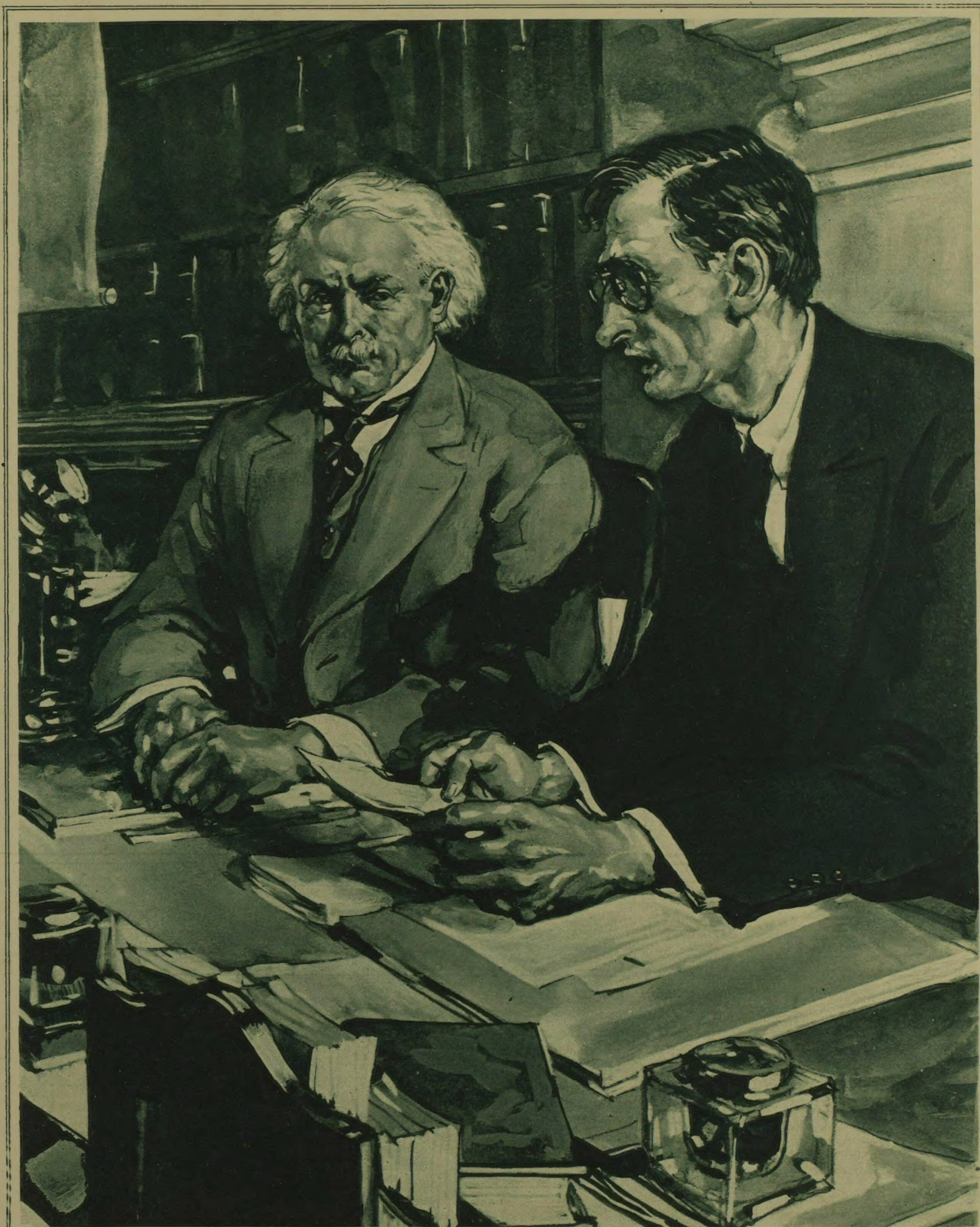


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1921.

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MAKING IRISH HISTORY AT 10, DOWNING STREET: MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND MR. DE VALERA MEET ALONE, TO DISCUSS PEACE.

The first meeting between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera took place in the drawing-room at the Premier's official residence, No. 10, Downing Street, on July 14. The official statement issued afterwards said: "Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera met as arranged at 4.30 p.m. at 10, Downing Street. They

were alone, and the conversation lasted until 7 p.m. A full exchange of views took place, and relative positions were defined." Other important conferences have followed. Sir James Craig has returned to Belfast, leaving Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera to work out their own solution for the South.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

HE who has mentioned a frivolous topic has always doomed himself to a most solemn discussion. There is nothing about which men talk so earnestly as about trifles; and a toy is guarded more carefully than a relic. The tricks of the time seem to be discussed for a sort of eternity; while the things of eternity are generally dismissed in a very short time. Great and grave problems of ethics and politics are only touched on lightly; but flying details of fashion and convention are examined with an enthusiasm and thoroughness which is a marvel of human virtue. The newspapers generally dismiss the subject of marriage and divorce, when they have laid down certain large generalisations which are obviously untrue. A group of talkers will generally drop the subject of Bolshevism, when there begins to be a dark adumbration or shadowy threat that somebody may ask what it is. But the same newspapers which are content to say, in a general and generous style, that divorce is a higher form of marriage, and marriage a lower phase of the evolution of divorce, are content with no such sweeping summaries when it comes to the length of hat-pins, or the habits of strap-hangers. About these things a detailed discussion will go on in the newspapers for months on end. The same conversational gentleman who hastily drops the subject of Bolshevism when he reads in the eye of another gentleman that he is beginning to wonder what it is, will take up a point about one particular stroke, on one particular putting-green, in a golf match of five years ago, and return to it again and again with the vigilance and passion of valiant armies repelling an invader. And when I touched recently on the newspaper controversies about the frivolity of the flapper, I ought to have known that I was letting myself in for a number of questions, and especially for a large number of small questions. I have been asked since then for my opinion upon a number of things, about which I have no opinion, or about which my opinion would be quite worthless. One detail of social habit which seems to figure prominently, in the great flapper controversy, is what Mr. Max Beerbohm discussed long ago in my boyhood under the title of "the Defence of Cosmetics." The partisans of one side ask me whether painting and powdering the face is not part of that political freedom for which I have sometimes pleaded. The partisans on the other side asked me whether the same practice is not pagan and hedonistic, and contrary to the religious ideals for which I have sometimes expressed respect. If the discussion were only about the political freedom or the religious ideals, it might be briskly and gaily dismissed. But as it also is about the paint and powder, it must be treated with gravity and reverence.

Now, upon a point like this I have not properly an opinion, but only an impression. And my first impression of the modern "make-up" is that it is not so much Pagan as Puritan, in the sense of needlessly and unnaturally ascetic. It is surely sufficiently obvious that young ladies with healthy complexions are not thereby making themselves more beautiful; so I can only suppose that they have some strange, exalted, and austere motive for making themselves ugly. It might

be merely the old fantastic motive which led the mummer to black his face; and it seems obvious that these ladies could achieve the object they have in view more simply, rapidly, and economically by merely blacking their faces. I once knew a circle of ladies and gentlemen, who all blacked their faces for a single evening, to the vast improvement, not only of their appearance, but more especially of their conversation and sociability. Covered by those black masks, the most silent became talkative, the stiffest became vivacious. I felt that the greatest political reform of our time might be achieved if we could only induce all the Members of Parliament to black

of Jezebel that she painted her face; but if she did, I do not wonder that they threw her down.

Now, so far from desiring the young to lose their liberty, I am convinced that the loss of liberty is the great peril of the age. Officialism and servile social reform have left us far too little liberty, and not too much. Now, everyone who knows any history knows that liberty has always been won by sacrifices, and sometimes very extreme and extraordinary sacrifices. In the Christian martyrology there is more than one story of a girl slave who, being pursued by the passion of a pagan master, preserved her own right to dispose of her own life and love by scratching her face, or putting out her eye, or cutting off her nose. And it may be that the modern flapper, when she produces similar effects on her face with cosmetics, is moved by similar and heroic motives of self-disfigurement. She may have calculated, in a far-seeing fashion, that this particular combination of greyish-white and reddish purple is the only way of rendering herself repulsive to some powerful and persecuting profiteer. In that case her conduct is, indeed, a heroic defence of her own freedom; and we can all feel how wrong we should have been had we been led hastily to condemn it. To admit the tyrant's power as a practical fact, to the extent of taking the only honourable alternative he has left, has ever been counted consistent with the dignity of the free. But if there is no compulsion involved, and the lady is only discolouring and disfiguring her face because she has been frightened into doing so by seeing so many equally ugly faces—I cannot understand where the element of freedom comes in.

Without any particular experience of the psychology of martyrdom, we may well refuse to believe that the Christian lady cut off her nose out of mere coquetry or personal vanity. And the same being obviously true in the case of the modern cosmetics, the only remaining explanation outside martyrdom is merely fashion; and fashion is but a fickle sort of convention. We cannot be expected to admire a slave of convention for being unconventional. The truth is that the various and rather vulgar luxuries, of which this is merely a convenient example, are simply the new conventions of a new plutocracy. They are not meant to indicate liberty, but to indicate luxury. They belong to the same spirit which enjoys bad champagne better than good claret. For what it enjoys is not champagne, but gold paper, and all that is vaguely suggested by the symbol of gold. We are passing into a social phase in which, unless a heroic effort is made for human dignity and freedom, gold will be the sole method of government and therefore the sole standard of manners. Such a plutocracy is always a servile state; and the mere hanger-on of Society dresses like a dancing girl because she feels like a slave. Such a plutocracy is always stiff with very artificial conventions; and even beauty, or what all are expected to accept as beauty, becomes an artificial thing. Such a plutocracy has neither the strength of a democratic nor of an aristocratic society; and the best thing about it is that it cannot last long. There is a real England underneath, which, even if it tolerates it, will also survive it.



BY A FAMOUS R.A.: A SOLOMON J. SOLOMON PORTRAIT—"GEORGE P. WALKER, ESQ."

This Academy picture, a portrait of Mr. George P. Walker, Chairman of Messrs. John Walker and Sons, was presented to that gentleman by the Directors of the Company on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the inception of the famous business of whisky distillers. It is an excellent example of modern portrait-painting, and characteristic of the artist's work.

their faces; so that out of that sable mummery might spring again signs and cries of comparative intelligence and eloquence, to startle the world.

The matter is quite comprehensible, therefore, on the assumption that the lady does not intend to decorate but only to disguise her face. She may be occupied only in an unselfish effort to camouflage her face; to cause it to melt into the distance, or disappear from the landscape. But about such unselfishness there is certainly nothing sensual or hedonistic. Paint is the very reverse of a revelation or exposure; it is obviously a form of obscurantism. A veil is regarded as a symbol of modesty; and why not a veil of powder as much as a veil of gauze? I should regard it as rather an inhuman asceticism, if a woman would only talk to me through a mask, as if I were a leper; and why not a mask of paint as much as a mask of paper? I know it was counted a character

WITH MR. DE VALERA IN LONDON: IRISH PEACE PARLEY SCENES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND L.N.A.



RECITING THE ROSARY IN WHITEHALL: THE CROWD DURING A DOWNING STREET CONFERENCE.



WAITING FOR NEWS OF EVENTS AT NO. 10: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CROWD AT THE DOWNING STREET BARRIERS.



CHIEF OF THE ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF OF SINN FEIN: MR. ARTHUR GRIFFITH "CHAIRIED."



LONDON'S FIRST VIEW OF THE IRISH LEADER: MR. DE VALERA LEAVING EUSTON ON HIS ARRIVAL.



A LEADING MEMBER OF SINN FEIN: COUNT PLUNKETT AT ST. GEORGE'S, SOUTHWARK.



MOBBED BY ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTERS ON LEAVING CHURCH: THE SINN FEIN ENVOYS LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S, SOUTHWARK, AFTER MASS.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THEIR LONDON HEADQUARTERS, THE GROSVENOR HOTEL: MR. DE VALERA AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS PARTY.

Great interest has centred in the series of conferences and conversations which have taken place at 10, Downing Street on the Irish question. The admirers and supporters of Mr. de Valera have been well in evidence in Downing Street, and wherever else the members of the Sinn Féin delegation has been, waving Sinn Féin flags, and creating dramatic "welcomes" and demonstrations, which, it has been suggested, were largely "engineered" for purposes of propaganda. Meanwhile, the conferences have come in for considerable criticism from the Conservative party and others who object to the Government negotiating

with the leaders of Sinn Féin. Our photographs show some of the "scenes" outside the wooden barriers at the foot of Downing Street during the conferences between Mr. de Valera and the Prime Minister, and at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, where Mr. de Valera and his party attended Mass. In the group reproduced at the bottom of the page on the right-hand side, Mr. de Valera and Mr. Arthur Griffith are seen in front; behind are Count Plunkett (with beard), the Lord Mayor of Dublin (with moustache), and other members of the Irish delegation stopping at the Grosvenor Hotel, London.

THE DROUGHT-BREAKING NIMBUS: THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. G. A. CLARKE; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE METEOROLOGICAL COMMITTEE FROM "CLOUD



CIRRUS: DETACHED CLOUDS OF THREAD-LIKE STRUCTURE AND FEATHER-LIKE FORM.



CIRRO-STRATUS: A THIN SHEET OF WHITISH CLOUD; AT TIMES A TANGLED WEB, AT OTHERS A VEIL.



ALTO-STRATUS: A DENSE SHEET OF A GREY OR BLuish COLOUR—THE DIM GLEAM OF THE SUN SHOWN.



STRATO-CUMULUS: DISTINGUISHED FROM NIMBUS BY ITS LUMPY OR ROLLING APPEARANCE—DOES NOT USUALLY BRING RAIN.



CUMULO-NIMBUS: A RAIN-BRINGER; SHOWING A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF A SHOWER-CLOUD, WITH A LINE OF GROWING CUMULUS IN FRONT.

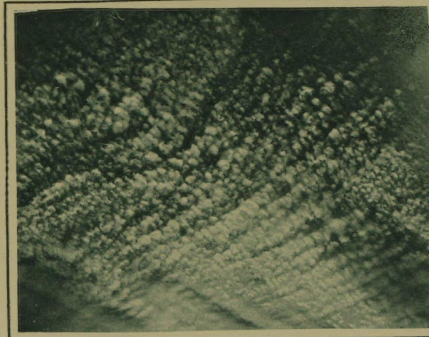


CUMULO-NIMBUS: SUGGESTIVE OF THUNDER, SHOWING THE CLOUD ADVANCING TOWARDS THE SPECTATOR. (NOTE THE CHIMNEY SMOKE.)

During periods of abnormal weather conditions, such as the drought, the clouds take on additional interest, even for the unlearned. As that admirable illustrated booklet, "Cloud Forms According to the International Classification," has it: "The international classification of cloud-forms is based upon the four fundamental types of the classification proposed by Luke Howard at the beginning of the nineteenth century, namely, Cirrus, the thread-cloud; Cumulus, the heap-cloud; Stratus, the flat cloud or level sheet; and Nimbus, the rain cloud." As to the photographs here given, we add the following brief notes. Those desiring fuller details will find them in the book to which we have referred, which is published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, for the Air Ministry, Meteorological Office: (1) Cirrus clouds take the most varied shapes, such as isolated tufts of hair, branched filaments in feathery form, straight or curved filaments ending in tufts, as here shown, and popularly known as "mares' tails with tufted ends." (2) The Cirro-Stratus

RAIN-BRINGER AND OTHER CLOUDS.

FORMS," ISSUED BY THE AIR MINISTRY, METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE, FROM HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.



CIRRO-CUMULUS: SMALL ROUNDED MASSES OR WHITE FLAKES WITHOUT SHADOWS (MACKEREL SKY).



ALTO-CUMULUS: ROUNDED MASSES, WHITE OR GREYISH, ARRANGED IN GROUPS OR LINES.



NIMBUS: A RAIN-BRINGER; A DENSE LAYER OF DARK, SHAPELESS CLOUD WITH RAGGED EDGES, FROM WHICH STEADY RAIN USUALLY FALLS.



CUMULUS: THICK CLOUD OF WHICH THE UPPER SURFACE IS DOME-SHAPED (WOOLPACK OR CAULIFLOWER CLOUD).



CUMULO-NIMBUS: A RAIN-BRINGER; GREAT MASSES OF CLOUD FROM THE BASE OF WHICH LOCAL SHOWERS OF RAIN USUALLY FALL.

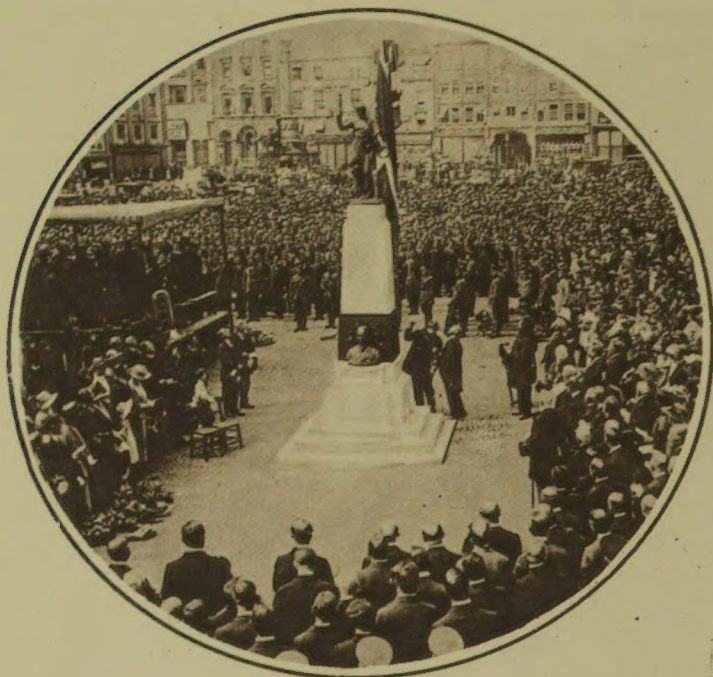


STRATUS: DRIFTING MASSES OF LOW CLOUD. IF IT IS DIVIDED INTO RAGGED MASSES IN A WIND IT MAY BE CALLED "FRACTO-STRATUS."

often produces halos around the sun or moon. (5) There is very little structure in alto-stratus that will show in a photograph. (6) Strato-Cumulus are large lumpy masses, or rolls of dull-grey cloud frequently covering the whole sky. Generally strato-cumulus presents the appearance of a grey layer broken up into irregular masses and having on the margin smaller masses grouped in flocks like alto-cumulus. (7) The cloud-type to be represented is shown in the right-hand half of the picture with an extension to the left of the upper part. The light region of the lower part on the left consists of upper cloud, and is the sort of sky that can be seen through gaps, or openings in a sheet of nimbus. Heavy rain is falling in two showers, one behind the final, which projects from the bottom of the picture, the other at the right hand of the base of the picture. (9) This picture of Cumulo-Nimbus shows a typical 'shower-cloud'—hail and rain at sea. There is a line of growing cumulus in front and a heavier bank of cumulo-nimbus behind.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

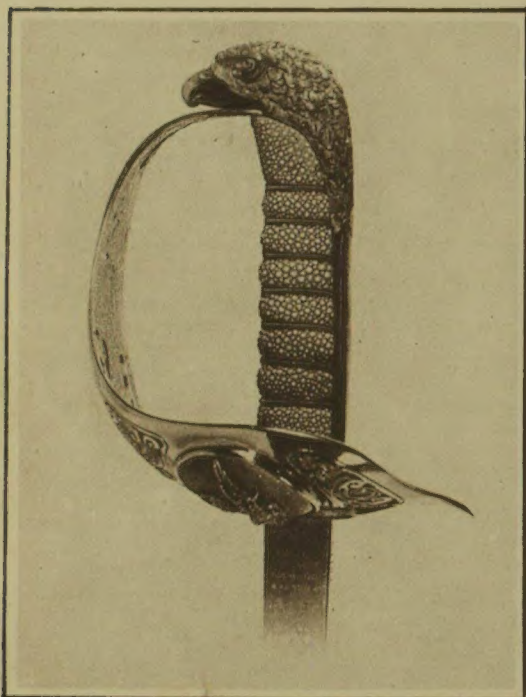
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, PHOTO PRESS, BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, AND L.N.A.



UNVEILED BY LORD LILFORD AT NORTHAMPTON: A MEMORIAL TO LIEUT.-COL. EDGAR MOBBS, D.S.O., A FAMOUS RUGBY FOOTBALLER.



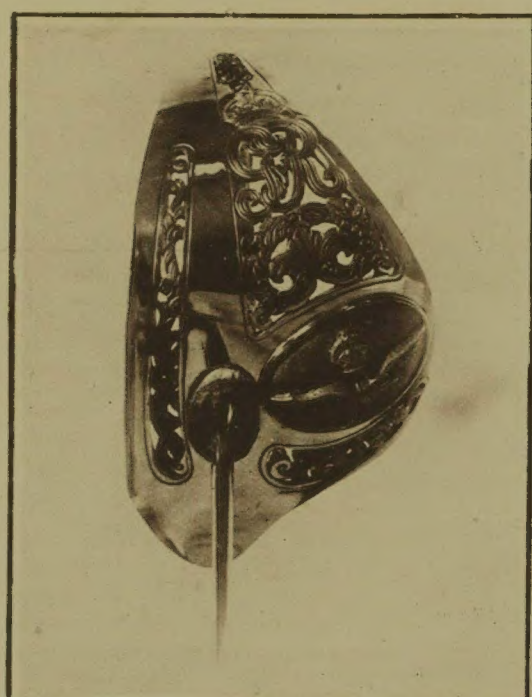
THE GOODWINS AS GOLF LINKS—AT LOW TIDE: MR. HUNTER, THE AMATEUR CHAMPION INSTRUCTING GOLFERS ON THE SANDS.



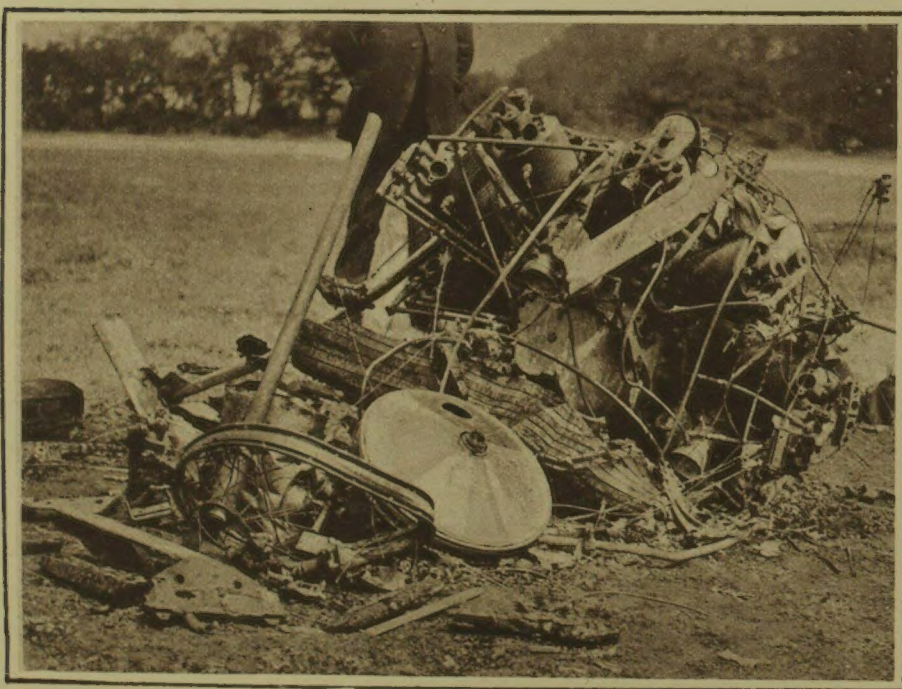
FOR THE USE OF THE R.A.F. IN FULL DRESS: THE NEW CEREMONIAL SWORD.



SCULPTOR OF THE NEW R.A. WAR MEMORIAL FOR HYDE PARK CORNER: MR. C. S. JAGGERS.



SHOWING THE CYPHER AND DESIGN ON THE HILT: THE NEW R.A.F. SWORD.



THE TRAGIC END OF A FAMOUS AIRMAN: THE WRECK OF HAWKER'S MACHINE AFTER THE "CRASH."

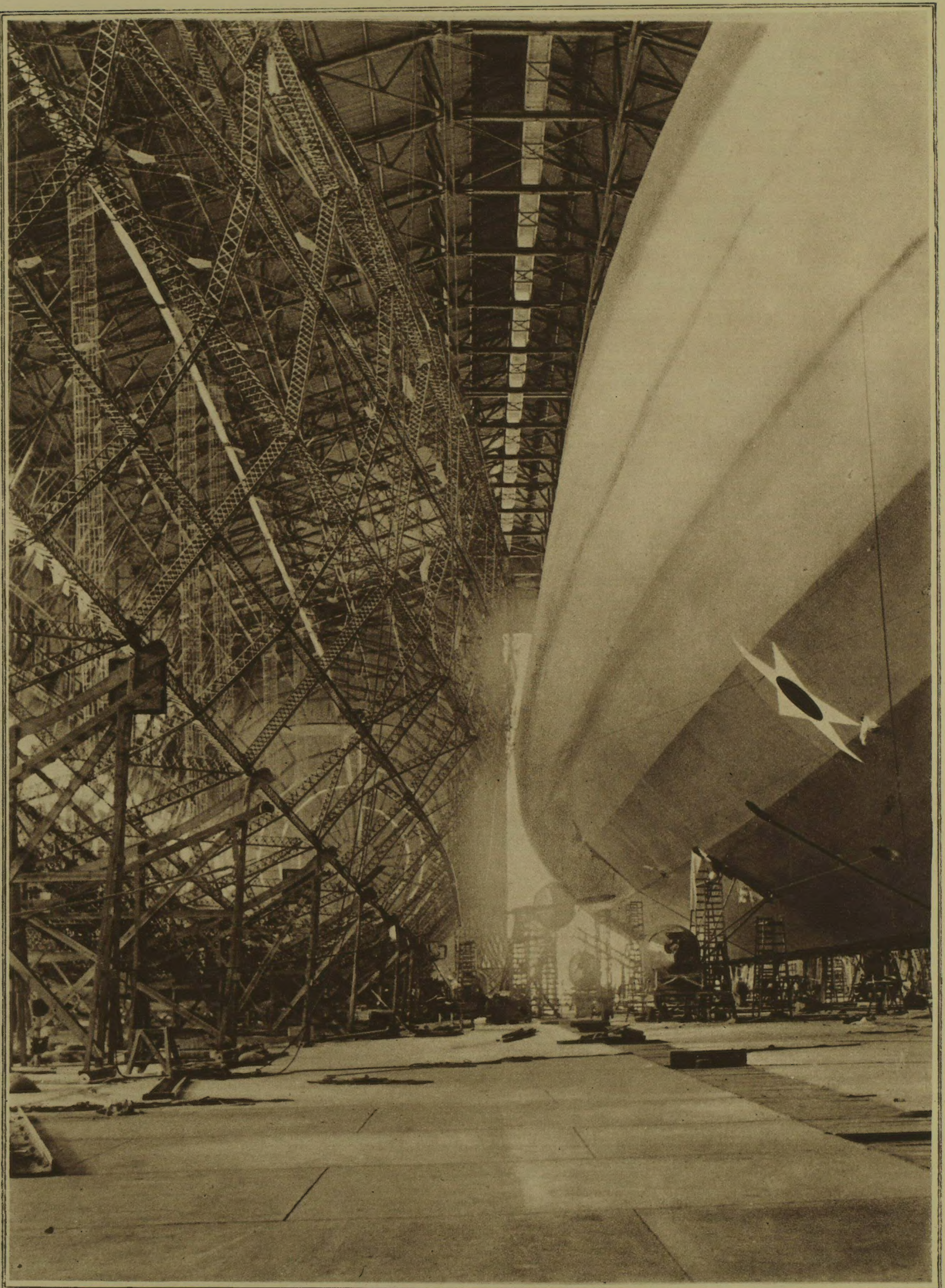


THE TRAGIC END OF A FAMOUS AIRMAN: THE COFFIN OF THE FAMOUS AVIATOR LEAVING HIS HOUSE.

A memorial has been unveiled at Northampton to the late Lieut.-Col. Edgar Mobbs, D.S.O., the famous England Rugby three-quarter. On the outbreak of war, Col. Mobbs joined the Northants Regt. as a private, and raised, unassisted, a large force of men who became known as "Mobbs's Corps." He eventually rose to command the battalion, which he was leading when killed in action in 1917. The unveiling ceremony was performed by Lord Lilford.—With the official approval of the new sword for ceremonial purposes, the Royal Air Force

dress for all occasions is now complete. The sword-belt and slings are of blue woven silk, with two worked gold-embroidery bars. The fittings of the belt, slings, and scabbard are of gilt metal, the fastening buckle bearing the R.A.F. eagle and crown, with the motto, "Per ardua ad astra."—The two bottom pictures show the wreck of the machine in which Mr. H. G. Hawker lost his life whilst practising for the Aerial Derby; and the funeral procession leaving his house.

OUR LAST AIRSHIP—UNLESS THE GOVERNMENT “REPENTS.”



NOT WANTED BY OUR AIR AUTHORITIES; DESIRED BY THE PARLIAMENTARY AIR COMMITTEE: AIRSHIPS—
“R.38” (BUILT FOR THE UNITED STATES), ALONGSIDE THE SKELETON OF “R.37.”

The “R.38,” which is now complete, at the Royal Airship Works at Cardington, near Bedford, is the largest airship so far built, and has been constructed for the United States Government. It will be the last built in this country, unless the Government reverse their decision to have nothing further to do with airships. The Parliamentary Air Committee met on July 12 to consider the Government's policy in relation to airships and the decision to “scrap” all the lighter-than-air craft and disband the staff by August 1. It was decided to ask the Prime Minister and the Secretary for Air to receive a deputation, and to seek an inter-

view with the Prime Ministers of the Dominions. A resolution was passed urging the Government to maintain the personnel and designing staffs of the Airship Department and sufficient air vessels to secure continuous development of the science of navigation by lighter-than-air craft. The Committee presses this view on two main grounds—namely, the undoubted present value and the great potential possibilities of the airship, first, when acting in conjunction with the Fleet, and, second, in securing rapid communication between different parts of the Empire and the rest of the world.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL NEWS, AND TOPICAL.



THE NEWLY ADOPTED HEIR-APPARENT OF JAIPUR: KUMAR MAN SINGH.



WINNERS OF THE INTER-VARSITY AIR RACE: CAMBRIDGE (LEFT TO RIGHT), MR. W. S. PHILCOX, MR. R. K. MUIR, AND MR. H. A. FRANCIS.



A FOUNDER OF GIRTON COLLEGE, DEAD: MISS SARAH EMILY DAVIES.



RECIPIENT OF THE O.B.E.: MR. C. A. BANG, MANAGER OF HEINEMANN'S.



KILLED WHILE PRACTISING FOR THE AERIAL DERBY: MR. HARRY HAWKER.



ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF HARRODS: SIR W. BURBIDGE.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW BOLSHEVIST MINISTER IN TEHERAN: M. ROTHSTEIN (ON RIGHT) TALKING TO PERSIAN OFFICIALS.



WINNER OF THE AERIAL DERBY IN RECORD TIME: MR. J. H. JAMES.



THE BRITISH MISSION TO THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN: A GROUP TAKEN IN KABUL AFTER AN AUDIENCE WITH THE AMIR.



THE EGYPTIAN MISSION TO GREAT BRITAIN: THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSION LEAVING THE HOTEL CECIL.

The Maharaja of Jaipur, having no son or other lineal descendant, has recently received permission from the Government of India to adopt a cadet of one of the collateral families of the reigning house of Jaipur as his son and successor.—Mr. C. A. Bang is the General Manager of Messrs. Heinemann's, the well-known publishers, and is also Vice-President of the Institute of British Poetry and Hon. Secretary of the League of Nations Union.—In the Oxford and Cambridge Air Race there were three pilots on each side, all flying S.E.5.A.'s. Though the course was about 130 miles, the race was a close one from start to finish, but Cambridge led at the end of the first lap, and held their lead throughout.—At the inquest on Mr. Hawker, the famous aviator who was killed whilst practising for the Aerial Derby, it was stated that he was in such a bad state of health that

he ought not to have been flying at all.—As was generally anticipated, Mr. J. H. James won the Aerial Derby in record time, and also the Handicap.—The group above of the British Mission to Kabul shows, from left to right, seated: Mr. P. J. G. Phipps; Civil Brigadier Agha Muhammad Sami; Sir Henry Dobbs, British Representative; Brigadier Iqbal Khan; Nawab Sir Mir Shams Shah. Standing: Capt. H. Hanna; Mr. J. G. Acheson; Col. H. Ross, Medical Officer; Brig.-Gen. S. F. Muspratt, General Staff; Khan Bahadur Ghulam Murtaza Khan and Khan Bahadur Muzaffar Khan, Oriental Secretaries.—The picture of the Egyptian Mission shows Sir Hussein Pasha Rushdi, the Egyptian Premier, Sir Adley Pasha Yeghen, Ismail Pasha Sidiy, and Col. Watson Pasha, leaving their hotel.

This historical map illustrates the extensive water supply infrastructure of London, centered around the River Thames. The map includes the following details:

- Top Water Area:** 425 ACRES
TOTAL CAPACITY: 3,073 MILLION GALLONS.
- Major Reservoirs:**
 - King George Reservoir**
 - Island Barn Reservoir**: AREA 120 ACRES, CAPACITY 1000 MILLION GALS.
 - Bessborough Reservoir**: AREA 74 ACRES, CAPACITY 718 MILLION GALLONS.
 - Knights R. Reservoir**: AREA 513 ACRES, CAP. 480 MILLION GALLONS.
 - Littleton Reservoir**: UNDER CONSTRUCTION. TOTAL WATER AREA 695 ACRES, TOTAL CAPACITY 7,000 MILLION GALLONS.
 - Staines Reservoirs**: TOTAL WATER AREA 424 ACRES, TOTAL CAPACITY 3,338 MILLION GALLONS.
- Key Infrastructure:**
 - Kempton Park New River Works**, including filter beds and two large reservoirs (300,000,000 gals each).
 - Sunbury Pumping Station**.
 - Hanworth Works**.
 - Hampton Works**.
 - Richmond Water Works**.
 - Willesden** and **Cricklewood** areas.
 - Ealing** area.
 - Kingston** area, including **Surbiton & Ditton Works**.
- Distribution Network:** Labeled main lines include 42" MAIN, 36" MAIN, 30" MAIN, 36" MAIN, 54" MAIN, and 48" MAIN.
- Geographical Context:** The River Thames flows through the center, with labels for Maldon, Chelmsford, Southend, Gravesend, Maidstone, Sevenoaks, and other nearby locations.
- Other Labels:** Numerous smaller locations are marked, such as Anwell Marsh, Turnford, Ponders End, Park, New River Head, Old Ford, Deptford, Greenwich Park, Forest Hill, Rock Hill, Streatham, Putney Heath, Coombe, Raynes Pk., Merton, Croydon, Sutton, Epsom, Dorking, and others.
- Orientation:** An arrow at the bottom right points towards EAST.

So serious has been the drought that the Metropolitan Water Board is urging rigid economy in the use of water, not only now, but for the remainder of the year. The water that London draws from its taps is that which may have fallen six months or a year ago, as the water takes this time to reach the river from the chalk into which it drains after a downpour of rain. Hence, serious as the position may be at the moment, no one can say how much more serious it may be in six months' time. The whole area of "Water London" is divided

into four engineering districts—the northern, the western, the southern, and the Kent. The northern draws its supply from the River Lea, from wells in the Lea valley and from the Thames, also from the Chadwell spring. The western district draws its supply almost entirely from the Thames; the southern district draws practically the whole of its supply from the Thames, and a little from wells. The Kent district is supplied by wells in the chalk, and also from Thames water.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By EDWARD J. DENT.



CO-OPERATIVE OPERA.

IT is good news to hear that what was once the Beecham Opera Company has now been re-formed on an independent co-operative basis. Sir Thomas Beecham has not been left out, but is to be engaged by the company as conductor for certain operas. He is in some ways a man of genius; he is the amateur of genius, a phenomenon very characteristic of English artistic life. Give him an absolutely free hand, with no restrictions on expenditure and the best possible materials to work with, and he will produce as good an opera performance as one could wish to see, if he happens to be in the mood for it. As the responsible manager of what ought to be a permanent and self-supporting artistic institution, he is not in his element. And, however grateful music-lovers have reason to be to Sir Thomas Beecham for his achievements during the war, it must be remembered that English opera will never prosper until it ceases to be a rich man's toy and becomes a national possession in which we can all take pride. I do not by these words mean that I regard State or municipal subsidy as indispensable. It would be a much more honourable state of things if English people were sufficiently keen to enjoy opera to pay for it directly instead of paying for it in the shape of taxes or rates. Before the war the example of other countries was held up to us, and with some show of reason. In those other countries the system of subsidised operas did appear to work extremely well. Under the conditions of the present day it does not. You may still see wonderful performances of opera in Germany, and there is no doubt that Germany still regards opera as a legitimate object of national pride; but talk to a conductor or the director of an opera-house, and you will soon begin to wonder how the theatres are carried on at all, not so much in the face of enforced economy, as in the face of general pessimism and despair.

Sir Thomas Beecham's artistic career belongs to the history of the war. It began with the war, and with the war it ended, roughly speaking. It had all the recklessness of a war period. It was a glorious and a monstrous recklessness. It impresses itself on my memory less by the operatic performances than by some of those in the Queen's Hall—Berlioz, Delius, Stravinsky, and a number of other works which a peace-time Philharmonic would hardly have touched. My most vivid recollection is of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet"—the sort of work that one hardly expects to hear more than once in a life-time—and the sudden discovery in the gallery of a young friend whom I had supposed to be in the trenches. "How on earth did you manage to get here?" "I came to-day—I couldn't miss the Berlioz. They wouldn't give me leave at first, but I went to the General and told him I simply must hear it. I don't suppose he had ever heard of Berlioz in his life, but he seemed to understand the situation, and let me go!"

It is always difficult to preach economy in the theatre, because even in the most carefully managed theatres economy of a rigid and systematic order is hardly possible. Besides, to the English public, economy is inconsistent with the whole idea of the theatre. The Englishman goes to the theatre when he is in a mood to be extravagant. If he feels that he ought to, economise, he does so by

refraining from the theatre altogether, not by going to cheaper seats, or to a theatre where the prices are low. If his own normal life is drab, he wants the theatre to give him gorgeousness. Some men want gorgeous women, some gorgeous scenery, others gorgeous emo-



PLAYING PREHISTORIC WIND INSTRUMENTS: A DECORATION FROM ANCIENT PERUVIAN POTTERY IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

tion, gorgeous singing, or a gorgeous orchestra. That is why it is harder to economise in opera than in plays. As for economising in the orchestra, no director dare dream of such a thing in these days of virtuoso conductors.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN USE IN PREHISTORIC PERU: INTERESTING EXHIBITS FROM THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

The two photographs on this page illustrate some remarkable exhibits of prehistoric Peruvian pottery in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. In one picture will be found pipes, flutes, rattles, whistles, trumpets, and other semi-musical instruments which have been found in ancient Peruvian graves, and might quite easily form part of a modern "jazz" band. In the other picture are seen evident forerunners of modern wind instruments.

We seem to have to choose between the grandest of grand opera at Covent Garden and the English performances of the travelling companies. Covent Garden has collapsed; we need say no more about it. The travelling companies are doing good work in their way, but it is not nearly good enough. A young conductor once suggested to his prosperous employer that some of the performances might be improved with advantage. "What do you want to alter things for? Just look at the receipts!" Singers go on tour in these companies, but in most cases they are only too happy to leave them, even if it means giving up the career of a musician. They do not necessarily complain of being ill-paid, still less of unpleasant personal relations with their employers or their colleagues. They simply give way to the utter weariness of the nomadic life, the eternal "Faust" and "Cavalleria." People can bear drabness if they have a home; homelessness, for the sake of excitement. Homelessness and drabness combined are past endurance.

The facts present us with a choice between recklessness and routine. Will it ever be possible to combine the virtues of both? The remedy is in the hands of those who direct. The ordinary director is inclined to concentrate on one thing alone. He thinks that he can secure his public by engaging a popular singer; or he may go for scenery, possibly for a first-class orchestra; the opera itself may be an attraction, whether it be "Bohemian Girl" or "Boris Godunov." The only sound principle on which to work is to regard an opera as a complete whole, and to regard an operatic repertory as a complete whole. If a full orchestra is out of the question, cut it down ruthlessly; but let all the players be good ones, and let the balance be

preserved between strings, woodwind, and brass. This means completely re-scoring the opera, not taking the old parts and making a mess of them, with a pianoforte score for the conductor. In this matter Mr. Charles Corri, the conductor of the "Old Vic.," can set an example to any conductor. I would willingly content myself with a pianoforte alone, even for Wagner, provided that it were a first-class pianoforte played by a first-class pianist. Theatre directors hear a burst of applause when the curtain falls, and think that all is well. They do not know the boredom—nay, the agony—of sitting through a performance in which the æsthetic emotion is suddenly and perpetually let down and destroyed by a delay in scene-shifting, by an unintelligent grouping, by an absurdity of translation, by a dozen little misfortunes which the average director will pass by with the observation, "Well, we're not Covent Garden—you can't expect everything!"

What we do expect is intelligence and the sense of design which, if consistent, can hold the attention of an audience uninterruptedly from beginning to end. Perhaps a co-operative company will realise what genuine artistic co-operation might do for our opera. The orchestra may be reduced, the scenery simplified, the language mere English instead of Italian, the singing and acting, taken individually, nothing very marvellous, but if everybody is concentrating their efforts on the opera as a whole, not on their individual functions, the audience will have the chance of grasping the opera as a whole—a rare experience of beauty.

RACING BY AIR AND SEA; AND FUNCTIONS OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND CENTRAL NEWS.



THE AERIAL DERBY WHICH WAS WON AT 162 MILES AN HOUR: STARTING THE COMPETING MACHINES, AT HENDON.



ABOUT TO RISE ON THE MYSTERIOUS BAMEL "MARS I," ON WHICH HE WON: MR. J. H. JAMES.



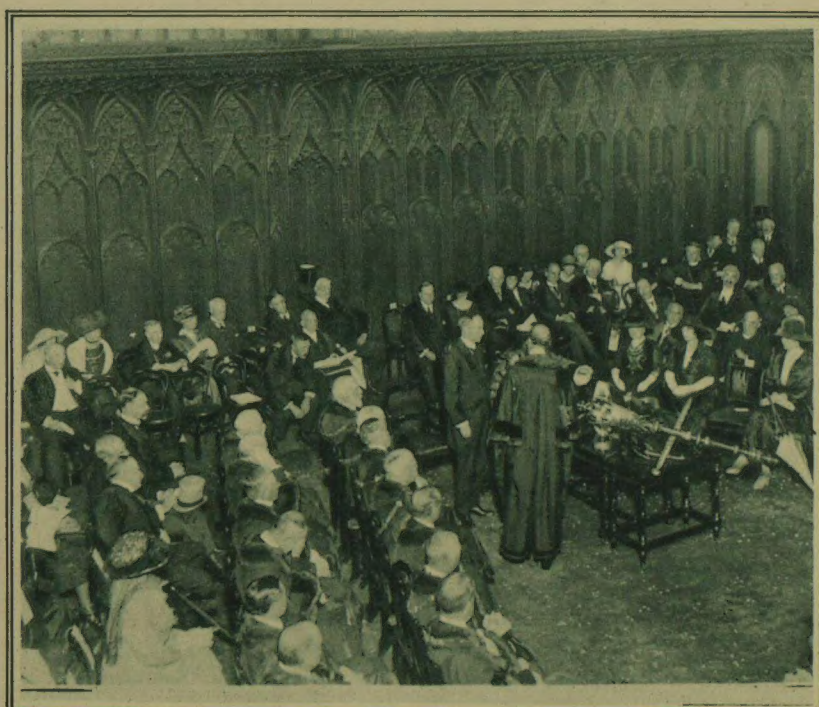
WELL AHEAD JUST AFTER THE START, AND EVENTUALLY AN EASY WINNER: THE KING'S YACHT "BRITANNIA" AT SOUTHEND.



SHOWING THE KING (ON RIGHT) ON BOARD HIS YACHT: THE "BRITANNIA" ROUNDING THE BUOY DURING THE RACE.



ACTING AS DEPUTY FOR HIS BROTHER: THE DUKE OF YORK AT THE UNVEILING OF GUY'S HOSPITAL WAR MEMORIAL.



RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY IN THE GUILDHALL: MR. MEIGHAN, THE CANADIAN PREMIER.

Flying a Bamel machine—"Mars I."—with a 450-h.p. Napier-Lion engine, Mr. J. H. James won the Aerial Derby of about 200 miles round London from Hendon in the record time of 1 hour 14 min.—an average speed of 162 miles an hour, 9 miles an hour faster than last year's winner. Very little was known about the winning machine, and its engine was only fitted an hour before the race. It was a hot favourite.—In the handicap for yachts over 70 tons of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club at Southend, his Majesty's yacht "Britannia" proved an

easy winner from "Nyria," "Terpsichore," and "White Heather II." The course was from Southend to Harwich, a distance of about 47 miles.—Owing to the indisposition of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York unveiled the archway at Guy's Hospital which has been erected as a memorial to 120 members of the staff and medical school who fell in the war.—Mr. Meighan, the Canadian Premier, was presented with the Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall on July 15.

"LE ROI NOTRE DUC": THE ROYAL VISIT TO JERSEY AND GUERNSEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, ALFIERI, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



WITH THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AND THE QUAINLY CLAD LIEUTENANT-BAILIFF, AT THE CATTLE SHOW: THE KING AND QUEEN IN JERSEY.



CHATTING TO AN OLD FISHERMAN AND HIS FAMILY ON ARRIVAL: THE KING ON THE QUAY-SIDE IN JERSEY.



RECEIVING THE GUERNSEY MILK-CHURN AT ... INSPECTION OF GIRL-GUIDES: PRINCESS MARY.



ACCEPTING A GIFT OF "ROSE II, OF MYRTLE PLACE," THE BEST COW ON THE ISLAND: THE KING AT THE CATTLE SHOW.



WITH THE HISTORIC GILT SPURS FOR THE FIEF OF LES EPERONS: DAME MARY ROUGIER.



PRESENTED BY MISS MARJORIE LE PAGE, DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST OFFICER OF THE GUERNSEY DETACHMENT KILLED IN THE WAR: FLOWERS FOR THE QUEEN.

The visit of the King and Queen, with Princess Mary, to Guernsey and Jersey was marked by a series of picturesque ceremonies. Emphasis was laid upon the fact that in the ancient Duchy of Normandy we have the oldest deepndency of the realm, and it was as the Duke of Normandy, "le roi notre Duc," that the King was welcomed by the loyal islanders. One of the most interesting ceremonies at Guernsey was a survival of the old feudal days when four fief-holders were called upon in succession to do faith and homage to his Majesty in accordance with ancient custom. Each fief-holder, on reaching his Majesty's feet, made



INSPECTING FRENCH CLERICAL VETERANS OF THE WAR, ON THE QUAY-SIDE: THE KING AT ST. HELIER, JERSEY.

three deep bows and knelt down, holding his hands closed, palm to palm in front of his face. The King enclosed the fief-holders' hands with his own, and the fief-holder then made his declaration in Norman French, to which the King replied in the same language. Following this, Dame Mary Rougier presented to the King a pair of gilt spurs, carried on a bright red cushion, for the fief of Les Eperons. In Jersey, on arrival at St. Helier, the King was received by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir William Douglas Smith, the Bailiff, and Sir W. H. Venables Vernon. Here, too, were Mr. R. R. Lempriere, Seigneur of Rozel,

[Continued opposite.]

WHERE THE KING WAS CHALLENGED: AT MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



IN OUR OLDEST DEPENDENCY: THE KING AND ROYAL PARTY AFTER THEIR VISIT TO THE HALBERDIER-GUARDED CASTLE OF MONT ORGUEIL, JERSEY.

Continued.

Hereditary Butler to the King, and Major J. F. Giffard, Seigneur des Augrés, who, by feudal law, owe service to his Majesty, and whose duty it would have been in olden times, when landing facilities were lacking, to ride into the sea on horseback and carry their Sovereign ashore. At the building in the Royal Square which houses both the local Parliament and the Royal Court, halberdiers, owing "service de garde d'honneur" lined the staircase bearing halberts which were in use when Raleigh was Governor. The Seigneur of Trinity, Mr. Athelstan Riley, presented the King with two mallards in their plumage with their beaks gilded,

on a silver dish. Later the royal party paid a visit to the ancient Mont Orgueil Castle, which, standing out boldly upon its rock to the sea, is more beautiful in a ruin than it can have been as a grim and savage fortress. By the drawbridge, the Bailiff of Jersey waited, bearing upon a cushion the Castle keys, which the King touched and remitted. The way was lined with halberdiers, who hold their little plots of land by service, and at the narrow entrance to the Castle the sergeant halberdier lowered his weapon, barring the King's way and challenged. The Bailiff replied, "Le Roi," the halbert was raised, and the royal party entered.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

IN the days when a certain evening paper lived only to be whimsically brilliant after an esoteric fashion, the reappeared in its columns an article on "London by the Sea." There was no catch in the title; the subject was not Brighton, but simply this London of ours which the writer revealed as a maritime city, an aspect somewhat overlooked, but entirely appropriate. He made picturesque play with London's seafaring attributes, and even insisted that on Waterloo Bridge at night, with the wind in the east, one could catch the very tang of the ocean.

That pleasant piece of serious jesting came back to me in all its fine salt savour when I took up Sir Joseph Brodbank's two splendid volumes, "THE HISTORY OF THE PORT OF LONDON" (O'Connor; £3 3s. net), a work that is the fruit of "forty-nine years' personal association with Port administration." For the last eighteen of these years Sir Joseph was Chairman of the Dock and Warehouse Committee of the Port of London Authority; he speaks therefore as a competent authority on the Port, which, he remarks (corroborating our evening scribe) very few Londoners see, for, extended over fifty miles of riverside, it is not easy to visit. The historian has enabled all who will, not only to learn the story of London by the Sea, but actually to see, in an admirably chosen series of illustrations, this greatest and most elusive of ports as it was and as it is. The pictures, in fact, ought to have a review all to themselves. Many of them recall the serene grace of shipping and river before the age of steam. Something has been lost with the reduction of sailing craft and something gained: did not Kipling long ago scout the idea that "steam spoils romance at sea"? Sir Joseph traces the history of the port from the earliest days through the Roman, Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor periods, down to the eighteenth century and the Agitation for Reform. With the last century he begins his original research, on which he bases a detailed consideration of the Dock Companies, their equipment, personnel, finance, and policy. He hopes that his discussion of the various forms of control may be profitable to politicians, and he notes how Walpole fell from office owing to his scheme for exempting bonded goods from duties. Amid a mass of statistics no page is wholly dry, and most make good reading. But why did not some kind corrector of the press save page 1 from that sad blemish "lay" for "lie," and, on page 25, amend *portus* to the author's (and Bishop Stubbs's) obvious *portus*?

From the greatest of all ports it is an easy transition to "ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST" (Methuen; 5s. net), a little book, but dear and yet not dear, which our most lamb-like humourist, Mr. E. V. Lucas, has had the boldness to make out of seven weeks in India, three in Japan, and eight in America. He knows quite well that his time was short, and he makes no pretensions, but every reader will be glad that he kept a pocket

note-book, and consented to print it. Mr. Lucas's eyes and ears can never have been idle, and on his travels he was always the man of letters. It is charming to catch him in Calcutta seeking, in vain, Rose Aylmer's grave, and spending hours, "amid solemn pyramidal tombs" on the pious task; or in New York handling the copy of "Lamia" Keats gave to Lamb—the very copy, Mr. Lucas believes, from which Elia wrote his review. He gets America and the Americans "in one," and likes the jolt he received from a notice-board on a grass plot—KEEP OFF: THIS MEANS

a touch of *Gauloiserie* that might almost proclaim her a native of France. Hence the frankly humorous tolerance with which she handles the least conventional of the poet's escapades. Mme. Duclaux is, however, no mere scandalous chronicler, but an ardent hero-worshipper, who, if a little blind in her devotion, has drawn a lively and recognisable portrait of a "tremendous temperament," the more interesting that the drawing is a woman's work. She sees through Hugo the politician (no difficult task); it is questionable whether it has occurred to her that Hugo the poet was chiefly a rhetorician. Rhetoric carries her own pen away too often and imperils the critical value of her writing. One doubts if France, when overwhelmed by the last war, "more than ever entranced, enchanted, listened in gratitude and glory to the voice of her unique, supreme lyric-poet, Victor Hugo." The truth is, "Appreciations" of Hugo are almost impossible; he is best appreciated in his own works, and biographies always leave readers wondering whether they have been assisting at an epic or a pantomime.

Interest in the late Lionel Johnson's work has received yet another stimulus in a little volume of his "REVIEWS AND CRITICAL PAPERS" (Elkin Mathews; 6s. net), edited, with an Introduction, by Mr. Robert Shafer. The papers were hack-work, but the editor is justified in saying that they belong to the "higher journalism." Much writing of that kind, equally capable, lies buried in the files of serious critical journals, but little of it enjoys the fortune that has attended Lionel Johnson's fugitive contributions, which prove an unfailing lure to the compiler. Perhaps the secret of their survival is their pleasant good sense. The new volume, which contains reviews of "The Light that Failed," "The Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Wrecker," "News from Nowhere," John Davidson's "Ballads and Songs," and Le Gallienne's "Religion of a Literary Man," besides works of heavier metal, forms in itself a curious retrospective review of those early and middle 'nineties at which Mr. Max Beerholm took a backward glance (how whimsically self-critical!) in his "Seven Men."

Some idea of the whole art and mystery of being an Imperial Heir Apparent—a profession that works hard, as Lord Derby hints, for its scanty rest—may be obtained from "DOWN UNDER WITH THE PRINCE" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), in which Mr. Everard Cotes, one of the official correspondents, gives an entertaining and informing account of the Prince of Wales's visit to Australasia. It makes the reader an eye-witness of all the memorable incidents of the tour of 45,000 miles, and draws an amiable picture of H.R.H., who was the best of shipmates to all on board the

Renown. Nowhere does the Prince appear to better advantage than during that railway accident; unless, perhaps, it is in his gallant submission to Father Neptune's tender mercies on crossing the Line.



WITH HER HUSBAND, WHO HAS BEEN ACTING AT THE GARRICK THEATRE IN HIS OWN PLAYS: MME. LYSIANE VERNEUIL, A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

M. Verneuil's season at the Garrick Theatre, where he has figured as actor-author, has met with considerable success. He is the author of "Daniel," in which Mme. Bernhardt appeared recently in London at another theatre.—[Photograph by Manuel Frères.]

You. I could cap this from a builder's notice I saw on a hoarding in Fifth Avenue, where our polite British warning, "No admission except on business," was condensed into the all-sufficient brevity—GET OUT.

To the interminable bibliography of the Victor Hugo legend has just been added a monograph that lays no claims to original research, but contrives to set out the salient points of things



A THEATRICAL THRILL WHICH HAS BEEN MUCH CRITICISED: BEFORE THE TORTURE IN "THE OLD WOMEN," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

"The Old Women," a dramatic episode produced at London's "Grand Guignol," the Little Theatre, Adelphi, has been much discussed. The critics agree that it is very horrible, and that it is splendidly acted by Russell Thorndike, Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, and Barbara Gott. The controversy rages as to whether it is "art." Meantime, the Little Theatre programme as a whole is a big success. It was reviewed at length in last week's issue of "The Illustrated London News."—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

already known in a somewhat flamboyant but entertaining manner. "VICTOR HUGO," by Mme. Duclaux (Makers of the Nineteenth-Century Series: Constable; 14s.), is the work of an Englishwoman, French by association, who gives to her writing

A TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP: THE BRITISH MISSION AT KABUL.



IN THE AFGHAN CAPITAL: ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF KABUL; WITH THE TOMB OF THE LATE AMIR ABDURRAHMAN.



THE CENTRE OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN'S FORCES: THE WAR OFFICE AT KABUL.



THE BRITISH MISSION RECEIVED ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER—AFGHAN OFFICIALS ON THE EXTREME LEFT; THE BOUNDARY LINE MARKED ON THE HILL; THE LAST BRITISH POST ON THE RIGHT.



WITH THE FIRST BRITISH WIRELESS STATION ERECTED IN KABUL: THE DILKHUSHA PALACE, SCENE OF THE CONFERENCES.



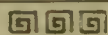
SHOWING A COVERED BAZAAR: THE KABUL RIVER AND BUILDINGS OF THE CAPITAL OF AFGHANISTAN.

At the end of last year, the India Office announced: "The recent conversations at Mussooree were intended to clear the ground for final negotiations between the British and Afghan Governments for a permanent Treaty of Friendship. The Afghan delegates returned to Kabul at the end of July to lay the results of these discussions before the Amir. Recently the Amir, after full consideration of the

reports of his delegates, wrote to the Viceroy in most friendly terms inviting a British Mission to Kabul for the conclusion of a treaty, and his Majesty's Government have now authorised the Government of India to accept this invitation." The result was the Mission here illustrated. Negotiations are being carried on satisfactorily, if slowly.

"ABOUT A NUMBER OF THINGS."

A Chat on Science by SIR RAY LANKESTER, K.C.B., F.R.S



THE THIRD EYE—AND OTHER EYES.—III.

WE now come to the paired eyes of vertebrates, which, as just pointed out, have much the same elaboration of details and parts as we find in the cuttle-fish, and are equally well represented in a diagrammatic way by the section drawn in Fig. 8. We have the lens slung between an anterior and posterior chamber; a transparent "cornea" forming the front wall of the anterior chamber; the lens brought to focus by the action of a special "ciliary" muscle, and overhung in front by a circular muscle—the iris—which can expand or contract its central opening, the pupil. Moreover, eye-lids are very generally added externally as additional screens. Yet the origin and nature of the parts of the vertebrate paired eye are very different from those of the similar parts in the cuttle-fish. The primary eye-chamber, or eye-ball, of the vertebrate is a vesicle or hollow out-growth of the wall of the hollow, tube-like primitive brain (see Fig. 10), and not a shallow, cup-like up-growth of the outer skin, as is that of the cuttle-fish (see Fig. 11). It is, strictly, a sac-like side-chamber of the brain. The lens of the vertebrate paired eye is *not* formed by the condensation of the viscid contents of the primary optic chamber, as in cuttle-fishes, but is a distinct cellular growth made up of many elongated cells which arises from the cell-layer of the outer skin or epidermis (Fig. 10, A and B). It differs thus from all eyes which have a structureless lens formed by a surface deposit or secretion. Yet further, the primitive optic chamber of the vertebrate's paired eye differs greatly from that of most (if not all) other eyes in the fact that in the course of its growth in the embryo it very soon ceases to be a vesicle or chamber. The front half becomes pushed into the back half, so that the chamber becomes a double-walled sac of hemispherical shape (Fig. 10, B). The formation of this new hemispherical chamber is accompanied by the separation of the lens from the skin, and by its taking up a position in the mouth of the hemispherical chamber. The double wall of the new chamber now loses all trace of the original cavity between its two layers, and the cells of which it consists become the elaborate "retina" of the eye, and the stalk of the chamber becomes the optic nerve. The hard coat of the eye-ball, its dark lining or choroid, the anterior chamber, cornea, iris and ciliary or focussing muscle, and the jelly ("vitreous humour") of the posterior chamber now form around the lens and by-growth into the double-

walled invaginated optic vesicle. It is obvious that there is a *similar modelling* of the parts of the vertebrate paired eye and of those of the cuttle-fish's paired eye, but not a deep-seated, genetic identity of the parts—lens, iris, cavities—compared. They are "homoplastic" (that is, of identical modelling) but not "homo-

point from each of those we have considered. It is small and dwindled, and probably has lost some accessory parts which were present in the big parietal eye of extinct reptiles. It agrees with the fully-formed snail's eye and the vertebrate paired eye in being a closed chamber—an eye-ball—with an optic nerve attached to it. Like the vertebrate's paired eye, it is a sac-like outgrowth of the hollow brain, but it does not become tucked into itself or "invaginate." It remains as the single chamber of the eye. The lens is formed by elongate interlaced cells, as is that of the vertebrate paired eye. It is a cell-structured lens, not a structureless secretion like that formed in the chamber of the snail's eye and of the cuttle-fish's eye, or like the surface knob of horny substance of the scorpion's eye. Nevertheless, the lens of the lizard's parietal eye differs also greatly from that of the vertebrate's paired eye. For, as shown in our

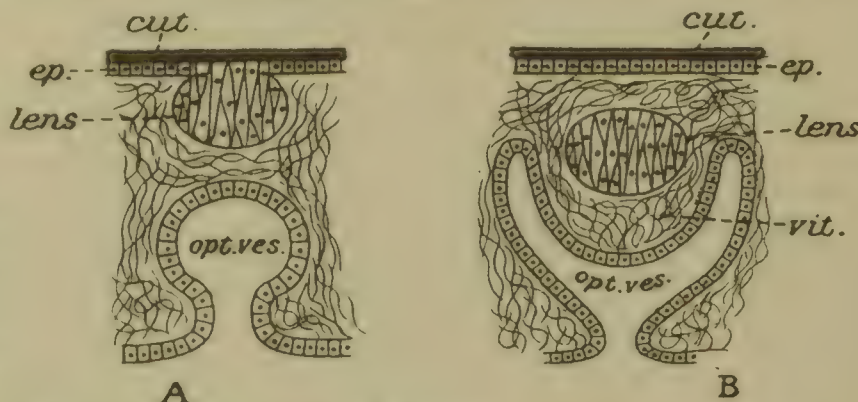


Fig. 10.—Diagrams of the actual development of one of the paired eyes of a Vertebrate: A. Earlier stage, showing the lens as a separate growth of the cells of the epidermis, and the optic vesicle (*opt. ves.*) as a hollow out-growth of the wall of the brain cavity. B. Later stage, showing the lens now detached from the epidermis, and sinking into the cup formed by an in-pushing of the optic vesicle. Letters as follows: *Cut.*, the cuticle; *ep.*, the cellular epidermis; *lens*, the cellular lens; *opt. ves.*, the primitive optic vesicle, or out-growth of the hollow brain. It becomes "invaginate" or cupped, and the cup becomes the "optic chamber" of Fig. 8, and is filled with a jelly-like growth (*vit.*), the vitreous humour. The double wall of the cup—so formed—becomes the retina (*ret.* of Fig. 8).

genetic" (that is, not of identical origin or ancestry).

This brief consideration of other eyes—necessarily very rapid and sketchy—has been made in order that we may arrive at some further appreciation of the "parietal" or "pineal" or "third" eye of the lizard. Does it conform in essentials to the pattern

drawing of a section through it (Fig. 4), it is merely a transparent thickening of the cellular growth which forms the front wall of the simple eye-chamber or eye-ball. It is not a separately formed cellular growth of the epidermis which moves into position from the outside, as is the lens of the vertebrate paired eye (Fig. 10). That makes a great difference between them. In fact, the cell-structure of the lens is the only important point in which they really agree, whilst differing from the eyes of the snail, the cuttle-fish, and the scorpion. So we have to regard the little parietal eye as quite apart in the more profound and significant origin of its structural elements. Curiously enough, little eyes occur on the fringe of the soft "mantle" of the scallops and allied bivalve mussel-like molluscs, which are modified tentacles, and, whilst fairly simple in structure, have a lens which, like that of both the parietal and paired eyes of vertebrates, is not a structureless secretion, but shows "cell-structure"—that is to say, consists of a compacted growth of living cell units, as does the lens of the vertebrate's eyes. The eyes in the back of some marine slugs, the rows of beautiful little eyes discovered by Moseley in the armadillo shells or chitons, the eyes of star-fishes, of sea-urchins and of jelly-fish, each call for special description in a survey of the various kinds of eye-structure presented by animals. We must return to them on a future occasion. Enough has been here said of other eyes to enable the reader to appreciate the character and importance of the vertebrate's third eye.

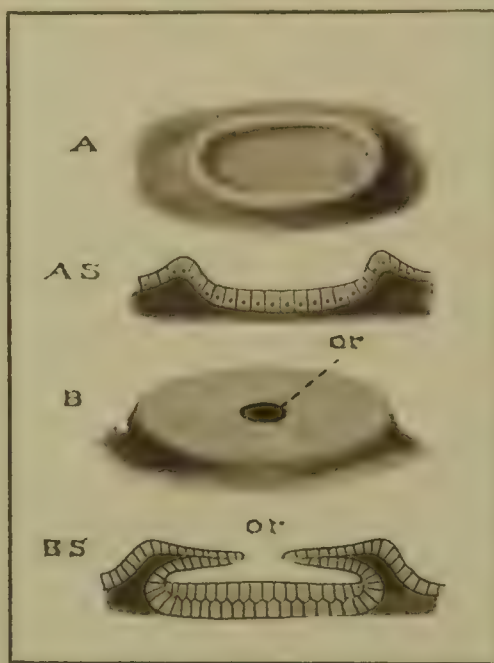


Fig. 11.—Development of the eye of a Cuttle-fish: A. Earliest. ring-like up-growth. A.S., section through the same. B., later stage: the ring closing in forming a chamber with central orifice (as in *Nautilus*) and finally closing up. B.S., section of the same; *or.*, orifice.

of the vertebrate paired eyes? Does it agree more closely with the simple eyes of snails? Or with that of the scorpion?

The fact is that the lizard's parietal, or third, eye differs in one or other important



THE BULLIES.

FROM THE PAINTING ('YOUNG OWL MOBBED') BY WINIFRED AUSTIN

FROM THE "ACADEMY" OF PARIS: EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ART LATELY SEEN AT THE SALON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIZZAVONA. COPYRIGHTS RESERVED BY THE ARTISTS.



"LE COLLIONE" (VENICE)
BY MAURICE BOMPARD



"UNE CHANSON DANS LA NUIT CLAIRE" (SAVOY)
BY FRANÇOIS CHARLES CACHOUD.



"CRÉPUSCULE"
BY ALBERT GOSSELET.



"PORTRAIT"
BY EMILE AUBRY.



"PLACE D'YPORT, VUE DE LA FALAISE"
BY ANDRÉ DEVAMBEZ.



"LYLIANE"
A PASTEL BY GUSTAVE BRISGAND



"TIGRES AUX AGUETS": BY GEORGES FRÉDÉRIC RÖTIG.



"OPHÉLIE": BY CHARLES AMABLE LENOIR



"PORTRAIT OF MADAME LA BARONNE
DE C": BY JULES CAYRON.



"TRISTESSE"
BY PIERRE JEAN POITEVIN.



"LA FORÊT EN AUTOMNE": BY LOUIS EMILE ADAN.



"CONFIDENCES": BY JEAN COTTENET.



"ESPAGNOLES À TUNIS": BY MME. MARTIN-GOURDAULT.

The Great Ice Age

STARK, dim days when Primitive Man looked down from his nest in the trees, and beheld the creeping, glittering paralysis—Ice. Gradually it crept over the surface of the earth—grinding, crushing! Compressing the rocks and the riches that were to be man's inheritance. Gold—Ore—*Petroleum*. All safely locked in "Bulk Storage" till he learned to make proper use of them.

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AS A MAMMOTH TO A MITE: BETELGEUSE AND THE EARTH.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN." (SEE NOTE ON PAGE 132.)



THREE HUNDRED MILLION MILES IN DIAMETER: BETELGEUSE, THE BIGGEST KNOWN STAR.

The diameter of a star, whose distance is known, can be measured by a new method which supersedes human vision. This is described on page 132. By such means it is ascertained that many of the stars which we gaze upon on a clear night possess diameters running into many millions of miles, as against our Earth's 8000 miles. The biggest star yet discovered is Betelgeuse, in the constellation Orion, which is 300,000,000 of miles in diameter. The size of such a single body may be dimly conveyed by representing Betelgeuse as a ball 3 ft. in diameter, beside which our poor Earth would shrink to an invisible point, one-tenthousandth of an inch! If Betelgeuse occupied the centre of our Solar

System, it would fill the space occupied by the orbits of Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars, and (as the inset diagram above shows), our orbit would be accommodated quite comfortably within this huge sphere, and with ample room for Mars' orbit as well. Suppose a bullet from the latest hand rifle, travelling 2800 ft. every second, be started parallel to the surface of Betelgeuse, and made to travel so as eventually to return to the same place, 56 years would be occupied in completing the circuit. This giant of the universe, like other huge suns, is probably gaseous throughout, and is composed chiefly of glowing hydrogen, in which there could be no life as we know it.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

LINKING RIVERS TO DEVELOP TRADE: THE PROPOSED



ALL-CANADIAN GEORGIAN BAY SHIP CANAL.



SAVING 270 MILES AND A DAY AND A HALF IN TIME BY JOINING UP THE ST.

The project to canalise the Ottawa and Mattawa Rivers, and to connect these rivers by means of a short artificial cut at the summit level at North Bay with Lake Nipissing and the French River, thus providing entirely in Canadian territory a deep waterway joining up the St. Lawrence with the Great Lakes, has for more than fifty years been the day-dream of some of the greatest makers of Canada. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking on behalf of his Government as Prime Minister before the war, by which the project has been delayed, said: "I cannot conceive of any two views on the subject of construction. The route is naturally the great outlet of the West, nor can I see any rival to the Canal. It is not a scheme for North Bay alone. It interests the City of Montreal. It interests all who inhabit the banks of the St. Lawrence. It interests the men who

LAWRENCE WITH THE GREAT LAKES: THE ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED CANAL.

fill the soil and raise the wheat in the Western Provinces. They need the shortest, best, and cheapest route to the market." The canal, starting on the Georgian Bay and ending at Montreal, is, as designed, 440 miles long, of which 332 miles are natural waterway. It saves 270 miles in distance, and a day and a half in time, over any other route. Grain loaded up at Port Arthur or Port William will be carried to Montreal, where it can be transhipped or stored; or it can be conveyed direct to Liverpool without break of bulk. Steamers will be able to trade direct with Chicago to New York and Boston and the United States ports. Nova Scotia will have a great market for her coal in the Ottawa Valley. The Canadian Government Report, made in 1897, states that electric power to the extent of 3,000,000 h.p. can be developed along the route of the canal.

A MART FOR WATERLOO CUP WINNERS AND FOR FINE HORSES.

[In connection with this article, it should be stated that, after our publication of a picture of a horse sale at the Barbican Repository (in our issue of May 14), the Directors of the Repository pointed out to us that the accompanying article and letter-press might be construed to read that the chief business of the famous sale-yard was the sale of horses for exportation. No such impression was intended (or, in our opinion, conveyed), but we give this further article to make clear the general nature and importance of the Barbican sales.]

SOME two hundred years ago a building for the sale of horses was set up in the City of London, long before the great tide of manufacture and commercial enterprise had overwhelmed the district. To-day, in a world of factories and shops that cater for those who use them, the Barbican Repository still stands and thrives. You turn under an archway in a crowded thoroughfare, to find yourself closely scrutinised by a watcher at the gate who, if he found in your general appearance anything to which he took exception, would request you to present your credentials or go your ways; but if you pass his scrutiny you are free to become a spectator or a participator in the activities of the sale-yard. On Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year the disposal of horses, carts, carriages, and sometimes motor-cars, is continuous, horses claiming pride of place. On Saturdays between the autumn and the spring, greyhounds are for sale; and so great is the reputation of the Barbican Repository that it may claim to-day to be the only house at which greyhounds find a ready market in the company of the greatest coursing experts of the country. An attempt to establish a rival house in the North of England was a failure.

Turning first to the greyhounds, it is interesting to learn from Mr. Stollery, the presiding genius of the establishment, that these sales have been carried on for more than half a century, and that many of the "saplings" (greyhounds under twelve months old) have been named from the house of sale, and "Barbican" has become a prefix that is quite familiar among coursing men. In this yard Fullerton was sold for £780 to Colonel North, and went away with him to win the Waterloo Cup three times outright, and to divide the prize with another on a fourth occasion. Here Mr. S. W. Beer bought Fighting Force, which won the Waterloo Cup; and among other patrons of coursing who have bought and sold in the famous Barbican Repository are the Duke of Leeds, Lord Tweedmouth, Sir George Noble, Colonel McCalmont, Sir Woodman Burbidge, and Mr. E. M. Cross. Mr. Stollery will tell you that in the past twenty years more than half the winners of the Waterloo Cup have passed through his sale-yard. Kennels are sometimes sold outright here, and, although the recent restrictions due to rabies pressed heavily upon the business, the character of the house was so well known that the Ministry of Agriculture, which is charged with the administration of orders, gave it every facility that the law could allow. In connection with the coursing, the Barbican Repository has long given what is known as the "Barbican

Cup" for a coursing match which is generally called the "Waterloo of the South." It is held annually now at Wryde, near Peterborough—having been transferred there from Rainham, on the Essex Marshes—and is a sixty-four-dog stake.

When we turn to horses, we find that the Barbican holds the same position with regard to

doubtful or worn-out horses to dispose of must take them elsewhere. Prices range from £15, which may be as much as a light horse will fetch to-day, up to £200; and it is worthy of note that the great railway companies buy and sell in this Repository. So, too, do the big London contractors who may have a business with the London County Council or some other great body, and may be compelled to buy as many as 100 or 150 horses for the business and to sell them again when the business is over. Farmers from all the Home Counties flock to the Barbican, being particularly keen to bid for the heavy horses sent in by the railway companies.

Many of these are in splendid condition, but their feet have been jarred on the hard London roads, and once on the grass or the yielding arable land they recover their full condition. It is interesting to learn that, in spite of the advent of the motor-car, the number of horses on sale at the Repository maintains its accustomed figure, and though the present price is lower than it has been, this is largely due to the effects of the strike. Carmen are slack, and cannot carry the usual head of horses; but about this time of the year coal-merchants are in the market as buyers; they will keep most of the horses they buy now until the spring of another year and then sell them, so as to be free from the cost of upkeep during the few months of the slack season. At the present moment they have no occasion to fear bad business.

The scene in the sale-yard is an animated one. The horses are exercised sufficiently to show their quality, and are then brought about before the box of the auctioneer, who, with the skill born of long practice, has an eye for all his clients, and a tongue that would persuade them to go at least as far as they intended, and perhaps a little farther. On the first floor and in a position that overlooks the yard and enables every corner to be under observation, Mr. Stollery sits when he is not conducting a sale; and ranged on either side of the yard are admirable boxes in which the waiting horses can take their ease. It is an excellently planned and conducted house of sale; but the surprising fact is that it should stand in a busy City street down which at all hours of the day thousands of people are passing who know no more of a horse than that it is a domestic animal with a head at one end, a tail at the other, and a leg at each corner. Yet the men whom one finds in the yard among the buyers are of the keen-eyed, quick-minded class that knows every point and can judge within a very little what any animal is likely to fetch, and why. It is surprising to see in the yard the farmer who brings into the hot city the atmosphere of the open places. His talk to his intimates is of crops and harvests and weather. He has nothing at all in common with the people who are working—and, one hopes, thriving—in the great, gaunt buildings that overlook the Repository on every side, and were not thought of in those far-off days when the sale-yard made its first bid for the popular favour that has never failed.



WHERE MANY WATERLOO CUP WINNERS HAVE MADE THEIR FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE: GREYHOUNDS BEFORE THE AUCTIONEER'S BOX AT THE BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

On Saturdays, during the right season of the year, the Repository is famous for its sales of greyhounds, and in the past twenty years more than half the winners of the Waterloo Cup have passed through the sale-yard. Many of the "saplings" (greyhounds under twelve months old) have been named from the house of sale, and "Barbican" has become a prefix that is quite familiar amongst coursing men.—[Photograph by Central News.]

cart-horses that Tattersall's does for blood-horses, and Aldridge's used to hold in the palmy days of coaching. It is not easy for any man to bring his



WHERE FARMERS COME TO PICK UP BARGAINS IN HEAVY-DRAUGHT HORSES: IN THE SALE-YARD AT THE BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

The sales at the Barbican Repository have been carried on for more than half a century, and the Repository itself is two hundred years old. Farmers flock here from all the Home Counties to bid, especially, for the heavy-draught horses sent by the railway companies. Many of these are in splendid condition, but their feet have been jarred on the hard London roads. They soon recover on farm work.—[Photograph by Central News.]

horses to the Barbican unless they are absolutely above suspicion, because a veterinary surgeon, an F.R.C.V.S., is in constant attendance, and every horse that would reach the ring must pass through his hands. Any animal that is unfit is promptly and peremptorily rejected, and those who have

A HEAT WAVE AT SEA: ON A LINER "IN THE DOLDRUMS."

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



1. "DESPITE THE HEAT, THE SPANISH STEERAGE PASSENGERS DANCE THE FANDANGO ALL DAY."
2. "BY WAY OF CONTRAST, THE FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS DANCE THE TANGO ALL NIGHT!"
3. "EIGHT BELLS (NOON).—PAYING OUT THE WINNERS OF THE SWEEPSTAKE ON THE DAY'S RUN."

Our artist, Mr. Bryan de Grineau, has depicted some scenes during the hottest part of his voyage on the R.M.S.P. "Avon," en route for Brazil and the River Plate. In some notes accompanying his sketches, he says: "That dread of the

4. "SITTING OUT A SWELTERING NIGHT IN THE DOLDRUMS ON THE BOAT DECK."
5. "EXPLORING THE ENGINE-ROOMS BEFORE THE MORNING TUB, CLAD IN BATHING DRESS AND PYJAMAS."
6. "TIME AT SEA—STRIKING THE SEA TIME HOURS ON THE SHIP'S BELL."
7. "SHIP'S BOYS EXAMINE ALL ANIMAL PASSENGERS EARLY EVERY MORNING!"
8. "SIX BELLS IN THE DAY WATCH: THE 'WELCOME ICE AT 11 A.M.'"

sailing vessel, 'the doldrums'—the windless space between the North and South Trade winds—only affects the modern liner inasmuch as the tropical heat becomes intensified, and the only relieving breeze is made by her own movement."



WHERE THE BULL SCORED: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ACCIDENT TO A MATADOR.

The photograph here reproduced may well be called remarkable, for it was taken at the second in which a bull scored a point in the ring at Béziers, by catching the attacking matador on his horns. The man was wounded badly, but has made an excellent recovery.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY M. PILLON.]

*From George the Third
To George the Fifth
One hundred years long.
Born 1820. Still going strong.*



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NO. 26 BORNEO.

JOHNNIE WALKER : "Is that to keep the evil spirits away?"

FRIEND : "Yes, all spirits are not as safe as yours."

Guaranteed same quality all over the World.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

RE-CONDITIONING LONDON.

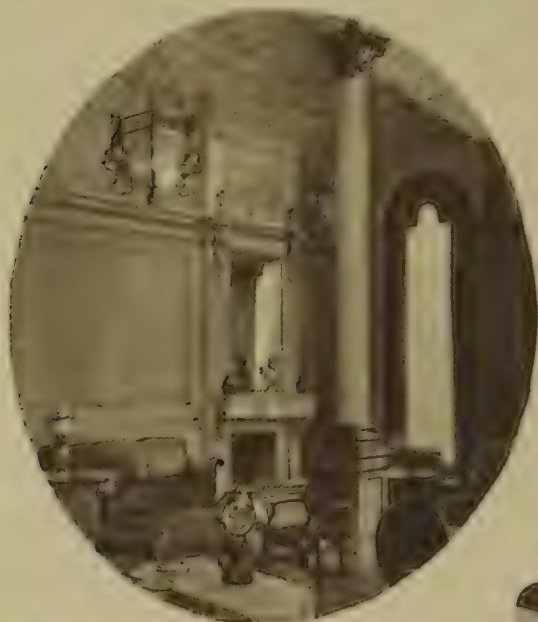
THE New Metropole is the last of the Gordon Hotels in town to be transformed into a "civilian" building again, after its long war service; and in its new guise it challenges comparison with any

instance, is a room of fairy-like beauty. It has a petunia-coloured carpet, and marvellous opalescent walls, which give a translucent glow of silver through transparent layers of lacquer in pale-blue, rose-colour, and amber. The doors are of ebony delicately traced with gold; and the chairs of black lacquer, upholstered in petunia and blue brocade, carry out the original scheme of colour. A special dancing floor has been laid in the wide annexe to the principal room, and it is safe to prophesy that the New Metropole will be a popular resort for the dancing set, and that many brilliant balls will be given there. The Café des Anglais is another attraction, with its sunset-yellow colour scheme and beautiful carpet copied from a Louis XVI. design. This restaurant offers the special attraction of a "business man's lunch," and is sure to find many patrons, for moderate prices are another feature of the hotel, which contains various period rooms, such as the Adam, Chinese Lacquer, and Dutch rooms, to quote only three. The Garden Lounge is another attractive feature of the New Metropole. This is a place where blue skies, green trees, and the feeling of summer can always be found. You can sit within its trellised walls and drink tea—or your pet alternative—to the sounds of the latest "rag-time harmony," and dance when you feel inclined. The bedrooms, of course, are just as up-to-date and attractive as the public rooms, and are furnished in different styles.

SUPERSEDING HUMAN VISION: THE SIZE OF THE STARS.

(See Illustration on page 125.)

EVEN in the largest telescope yet constructed, the nearest star is so remote that it appears merely as a point of light, minus a sensible disc. Nevertheless, the diameter of a star whose distance is known



THE GEORGIAN LOUNGE IN THE NEWLY TRANSFORMED METROPOLE HOTEL: SHOWING A PORTION OF THE SCHEME OF DECORATION.

of the far-famed American or Continental hotels. It has a particularly fine position in Northumberland Avenue, but its pre-war patrons will remember it as an imposing, if somewhat gloomy, Victorian building. It has now been transformed into a palace of up-to-date charm, whose luxury is only equalled by the beauty of its artistic decoration. The credit for this achievement is due to Sir Francis Towle, Managing Director of the Gordon Hotels, Ltd., as he realised that it is not sufficient to supply the best food and most efficient service when catering for modern society hotel patrons, but that beautiful decoration and furniture are necessities for the success of an hotel and restaurant to-day. The New Metropole now combines every imaginable luxury with the sumptuousness of good taste. The Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, for



WHERE ONE MAY SMOKE AT EASE IN LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS: THE SMOKING-ROOM OF THE NEW METROPOLE HOTEL.



FROM MUNITIONS TO MAGNIFICENCE, A POST-WAR TRANSFORMATION: THE RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS AT THE NEW METROPOLE.

can be measured by a new method which supersedes human vision. An instrument, known as the "interferometer," devised by Professor Michelson, is attached to the upper end of the world's largest telescope, the 100-inch reflector of Mount Wilson, South California. This method rests upon what is known as the interference of light, and, by placing the mirrors of the interferometer 120 feet apart, the linear diameter of a star is measured. By choosing two apertures at the extremities of the diameter of the mirror or object glass, there appears at the focus a number of interference bands, which are clearly defined when the light exhibits an inappreciable angle. But with an object possessing a sensible size, the bands are slightly diffused, the amount of diffusion, and the apparent size of an object, being readily ascertained.

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ROLLS-ROYCE

IN THE WORLD

WE wish customers who in the future order Rolls-Royce Chassis, to enjoy the benefits arising from the reduction in wages and cost of material. For them the price of the Chassis will be £1,850.

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Do you know that it is quite easy to get more than fourteen days holiday out of two weeks ; that, at the end of a fortnight,

you need not turn your back on sea and river—the sleepy hamlet or country town—on the bathing and boating, the tennis, cricket or golf—on all that goes to make up your yearly spell of freedom ? You can continue to enjoy the surf and the sun—the woods and fields and the open country ! All you need is a Kodak to make pictures of the happy scenes—pictures that will keep your holiday alive for ever. Remember, you can learn to use a Kodak in half-an-hour.

**To enjoy to-day
to-morrow—take a**

Kodak

*Ask your nearest
Kodak dealer to
show you the
latest models.*

*Kodak Ltd.,
Kingsway,
London, W.C.*

LADIES' NEWS.

WITH this week we reach the end of a London season hardly worthy of the name. Next Monday there will be an exodus for Goodwood, and for many other fresh pleasures and pastures new. With the ineffaceable recollection of a great and terrible war in our minds, and its consequences thick upon us still, it does seem futile to have spoiled three months for hundreds of thousands of people; to have ruined a London season, and kept the hundreds of thousands of pounds usually spent on it still in the banks of their various owners, and so interfered with the circulation of money; to have turned thousands of visitors, with pockets full of money to spend, to France and Italy—and to have achieved absolutely nothing, obtained no result at all.

About the last three weeks of the season there has been some of the old spirit of such a period. I do not ever remember seeing so many pretty girls and such very pretty dresses as graced the match at Lord's of the Eton and Harrow cricket teams; nor have I ever seen the attendance larger or more distinguished. The Prince of Wales was there the second day, looking very bronzed and well after his Northern tour; he stayed for about an hour, being due to lunch with the King and Queen before they left for the Channel Islands. Every honour was paid to the traditions of the Public Schools by the men attending the match, who were, despite the great heat, black-coated and tall-hatted. Most ethereal were the frocks of the girls and their chaperons, yet they looked hotter than the men, albeit armed with sunshades, and some with fans as well. It is a wonderfully pretty and a typically English function. The walk on the grass when the ropes were down was not so refreshing as usual, for the turf was brown and the earth baked. Who cared? The boys pointed out their school heroes to their sisters and their cousins and their mothers; and the girls pointed out the girls they thought the prettiest to their brothers, only to be chaffed in return, for even the youthful male keeps his admiration to himself, while a fully fledged one has been known to cry down the charms of a girl to another woman and has proposed to the said girl ten minutes later.

The State Ball did much to redeem the season from utter failure. Those who were there say that it was the finest of the reign. Special interest attached to it because the Duke of York and Princess Mary were there. The Garden Party has also been eagerly anticipated. I write before it has taken place, but it promises to be a very large and very interesting affair.

There are few things we are so interested in as our own possessions, especially our human possessions. "The Progress Book," an illustrated record of development from birth until coming-of-age and after, specially printed for Mellin's Food, is quite a volume to possess.



A "DOMINICAN" DRESS.

"Je prends mon bien où je le trouve" might well be the motto of the dress-designer, and the habit of the Dominican monk has suggested this dress to Paul Poiret. (Photograph by Delphi.)

Workers for the League of Mercy were naturally disappointed not to see the Prince of Wales at the garden party to which they were invited by his Royal Highness, Grand President, and by Princess Alice

Countess of Athlone, Lady Grand President, at St. James's Palace last week. All the same, no one begrudged the much-loved Prince a rest, and regretted only that it was enforced by indisposition. The party was a pleasant one. Princess Alice, looking very charming and pretty in white charmeuse, with a pretty white straw hat wreathed round with gardenias and draped with a white silk lace veil, made a splendid hostess, and managed to say a few appreciative words to very many of the workers. Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise, both enthusiastic Leaguers, came later—Princess Helena Victoria in dove-grey georgette and a cornflower-blue hat, and Princess Marie Louise in silver-grey chiffon and Spanish lace, wearing a dark-russet hued hat.

The Duchess of Grafton, who was one of the royal tea-party, was dressed in dove-grey georgette, and wore a grey straw hat, wreathed round with grey ostrich feathers. With her Grace was her daughter, the Hon. Isolde Borthwick, who was dressed in pale blue and grey. Lady Alexander, in an exceedingly pretty pale mauve embroidered chiffon gown, and a pearl grey hat trimmed with ribbon to match and clusters of white grapes, also had tea in the Palace. Lady Honor Ward looked very well in orchid mauve muslin, with a hat to match. Countess Brassey was in black, dressed with her usual almost severe simplicity. Lady Ludlow, who was with the Earl of Iveagh for a time, wore a lovely dress of aluminium silk filet lace, deeply fringed, and a hat to match; a long bronze-brown velvet cloak was also worn. There were a great many very pretty dresses, and some very pretty girl wearers.

There is no rose without a thorn, and there is no holiday without its drawbacks. There is, however, balm in Gilead, and Dubarry's great firm, 81, Brompton Road, have made a study of how to extract the thorns from holiday roses so successfully that everyone about to expose themselves to journeys, and to wind and sun, will do wisely to provide themselves with several things from Dubarry's Holiday Toilet Requisite catalogue, which will be sent free on application to above address. Colonice, or solidified Eau de Cologne, is most convenient to carry in bags and trunks, and is deliciously cool and refreshing to use on a journey. In elegant nickel-capped tube, it costs only 3s. There is, too, a wonderful preventative of sun-burn, which is most cooling in effect, and also removes inflammation and redness. It is Lotion du Docteur Dalcrosse, and costs 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle; it will be found remarkably cheap at that price. A. E. L.

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*Users of the 25 H.P. Vauxhall
will be interested in this Tyre
mileage experience of a private
user of this model. It is by no
means an individual case...*



Montrose,
Stanmore, Mddx.
January 29th. 1921.

Gentlemen,
The following record of one of
your tyres may interest you.

My car is a 25 h.p. Vauxhall,
1919 model with a limousine body,
weighing altogether forty-one hun-
dred-weight. I took delivery of it in
October 1919; it was then fitted with
four Dunlop tyres 895 x 135. While
they were all satisfactory, the near
front one was taken off a few days ago
after having completed twelve-thousand
seven-hundred miles without even a
puncture.

It is unnecessary for me to say
after this how much I am in favour of
your tyres.

yours faithfully,
(signed) J.B. Brunel Cohen
Major.

from Major Brunel Cohen.M.P.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE GREAT DROUGHT.

AS I write the land is all athirst, and there be many, especially among such as must perforce endure within the confines of large towns and cities, who are bordering on collapse, on account of the un wonted spell of sunshine which has been our lot during the last few weeks. Our newspapers have harped dolorously upon what may happen to us if the "Great Drought" which has beset us does not speedily end. Not ten minutes since, I was reminded of the air-raids on London during the war, by the sound of a series of explosions caused by the firing of bombs into a cloudless sky, for the purpose of bringing down the rain. The sky is still cloudless! But we reckon our drought in terms of days. What should we say of a drought which lasted months, or even years, as in parts of Australia, for example?

There are some who would have us believe that "eels grow used to skinning!" And so some of us, perhaps, have wondered whether we could possibly grow used to drought. By way of encouragement we have some very remarkable instances of creatures which have, indeed, accomplished this. These, it is to be noted, are all furnished by animals which have an aquatic habitat, liable to recurrent periods of desiccation.

The marsh crocodile in India and the alligator of the Lower Amazon, for example, when the stream in which they have been living is reduced to its last trickle of water, either migrate or bury themselves in the mud of the river bed. In the latter case this is soon baked hard, and here perforce those which have elected to stay must remain till released by the restoration of the stream by the rains. Thus they may remain prisoners for months, for, once the mud has hardened, escape is impossible. In like manner the Iberian water-tortoise (*Clemmys leporosa*) of Lower Andalusia and Morocco, to survive prolonged drought, passes into a state of torpor. When, by degrees, the stream is reduced to a series of stinking

pools, these tortoises seek such shelter as they can find under ledges of rock, remaining, to all appearance, dead for months.

Some remarkable instances of aestivation, or "summer sleep," are furnished by the amphibia. In the Lower Steppe-land country of Central Australia the creeks are inhabited by a species of frog known as the "Catholic frog," from the presence of a pale-coloured cross down the back. During times of drought these creeks disappear, and very soon the

of the retreat, becomes enormously distended with water, till the body assumes the form of an orange! The Aborigines know of this habit, and search eagerly for such hiding places for the sake of the clean, cool water their victims will provide to assuage their thirst. When swallowed by the frog, it must be remarked, this water was neither clean nor cool!

A fish out of water would seem indeed to be in a hopeless case. Yet the African mud-fish can live for long months under the sun-baked surface of a dried-up stream.

Before the water finally disappears, the creature drives a burrow downwards into the mud of the river bed, then, turning its tail up so as to cover its nose, and encased in slime, it passes into a deep sleep which may endure for a whole year, or longer. A considerable number of other fishes have, in like manner, contrived to tide over long periods of drought: as, for example, the South American lung-fish (*Lipidosiren*), the serpent heads of India, Ceylon, and Tropical Africa, the climbing perches of India and Africa, and the gouramis of the Malay Archipelago, as well as several of the cat-fishes.

The crustacea afford several extremely interesting illustrations; but my space is running out. Suffice it to say that here, as with the "brine-shrimp" and that remarkable creature "apus," the adults die with the evaporation of the water. But they leave behind them eggs which can withstand prolonged desiccation. Aestivation differs from hibernation in this: that in the latter case a state of torpor is necessary merely to escape the consequences of the cutting off of the food supply. Many of the aestivating animals have to retreat to escape death, not so much from starvation as from desiccation.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



A MIRAGE IN THE HEART OF LONDON: A HEAT-WAVE OPTICAL ILLUSION ON THE MALL.

The heat wave produced a wonderful mirage in London. When one looked through the Admiralty Arch from Trafalgar Square at a certain angle, the centre of the Mall appeared to be a lake on which the passing taxi-cabs seemed to float.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

bed is broken up by wide and deep fissures, caused by the broiling sun. But before the water quite vanishes, and while the mud is still soft, the frog burrows down for a foot, or more, and is presently, to all intents and purposes, cemented in; for the clay above him bakes to a stony hardness. As a provision against its enforced fast, the bladder, at the time

In our issue dated June 18, we published three drawings by Botticelli which we stated were "probably reproduced for the first time" in our contemporary, *L'Illustration*, dated June 4, 1921. Two correspondents have drawn our attention to the fact that the illustrations were previously published in volume form by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen in 1896.

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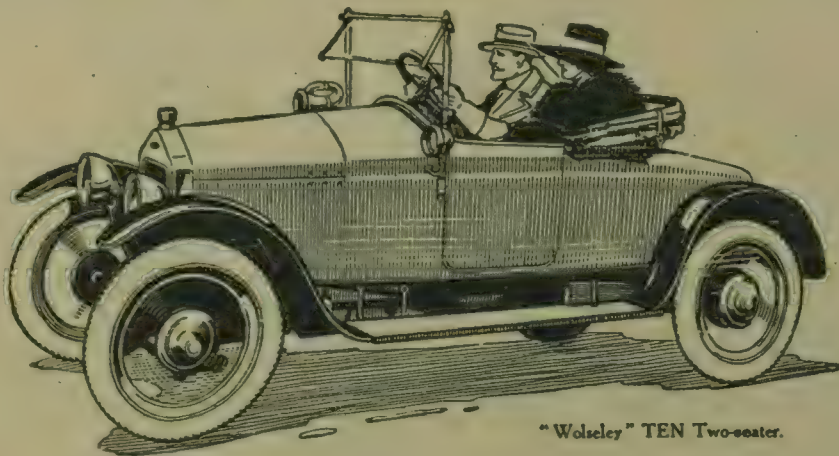
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"Wolseley" TEN Two-seater.



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—and see what BIRD'S have sent you."

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The fine silky powder in the Bird's Blanc-Mange packet acts like magic. It enables you to change milk, Nature's great liquid food, into a solid mould of dainty, deliciously-flavored nourishment.

The Bird's Blanc-Mange flavors stand alone—quite distinct from the over-strong concoctions that disguise inferior quality. Bird's Blanc-Mange flavors are just "exquisite tastes" which recall the fragrance of fresh ripe fruits.

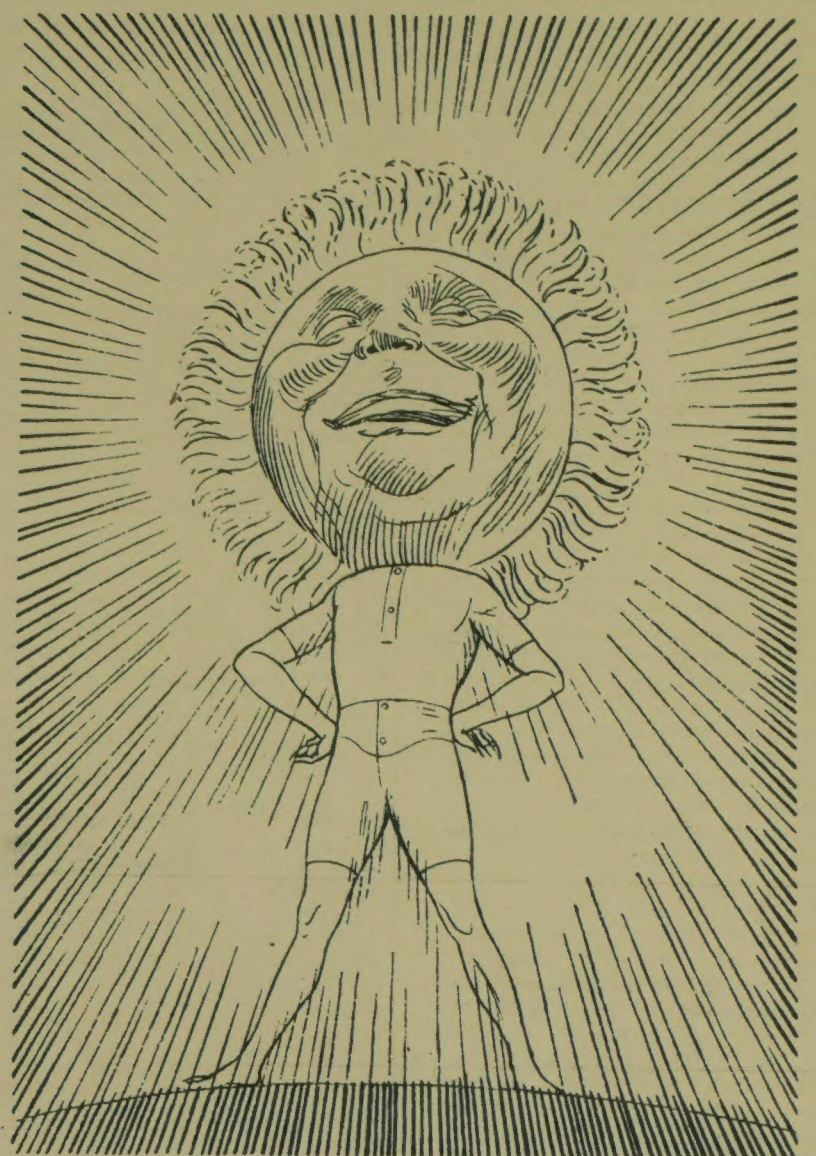
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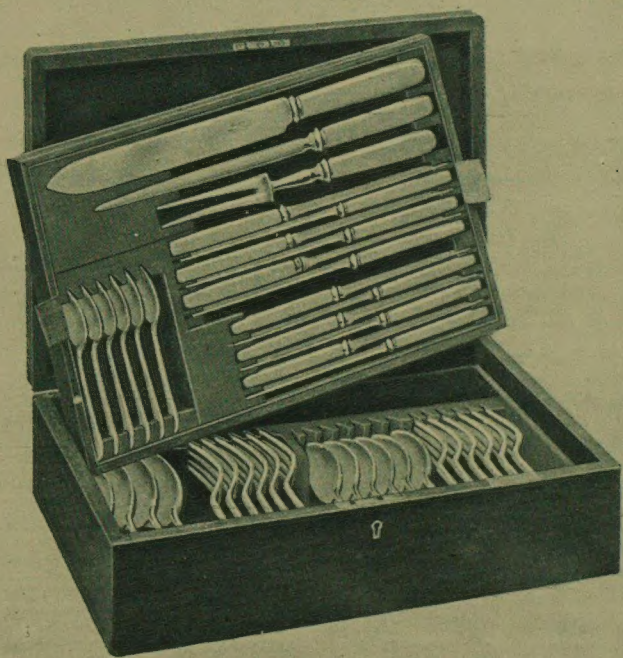
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Still a House Divided. It would seem that all the efforts which have been made recently and in the past to bring

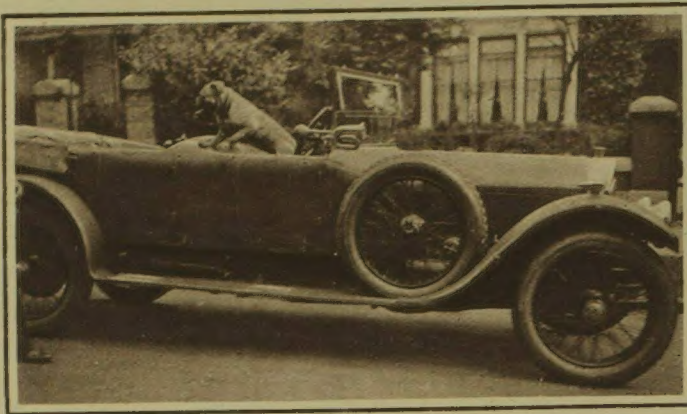
about a closer union between the two principal motoring bodies have been abortive. It is now stated very definitely that there is to be no fusion, which means that the old overlapping of work and interests and the same divided counsels are to persist. It is not at all easy to appreciate the points of view of the two organisations concerned. Of course, if the matter is regarded from the standpoint of the merely selfish interests of committees and officials, it is easy enough to see why such an amalgamation of interests as many have been working for does not commend itself. There is the question of which is to supply the main directing power, and of which set of officials is to dominate the dual organisation to be worked out; and if it is really this shoe that pinches, as some allege to be the case, then I do not wonder for a moment that a rapprochement is impossible. But if the matter is looked at from the point of view of the motoring community, which is asked to pay for the existence of these two bodies, the matter bears a completely different aspect. I am very much inclined to agree that, as in most cases, competition might be a very good thing if the duties and activities of the two were confined to road service, touring information, legal advice and assistance, and suchlike matters of interest and use. A monopoly breeds slackness in service, but competition makes for efficiency. But in the case of motoring, our organisations have other functions to perform which are even more important than the placing of uniformed men on the roads to stand to attention and salute as their members pass by. There are such matters as taxation, legislation affecting the use of the car and the highways, the watching of private Bills affecting these interests, and a number of other things equally important upon which a single and undivided attitude is essential. Yet, as we saw twelve months ago in the matter of the new taxation, our organisations are as far as the Poles apart when it comes to

fighting the case of the motorist. It will not do. I am very much averse from the idea of new bodies. If reform is necessary, it should come from within, and take the shape of a recasting of policy on the part of

organisations, which appear to exist primarily to find jobs for officials, and of getting seriously to work to organise the motoring community on really democratic lines.

A Puzzling Attitude.

There is a body called the Motor Legislation Committee which is really the next best thing to having a single organisation to stand for all the interests concerned. As its name implies, it was formed for the purpose of dealing with all matters affected by legislation, and includes in its membership all the important motoring organisations, with one very notable exception. That exception is no less a body than the Royal Automobile Club, which has steadily declined to have anything to do with the deliberations of the Committee. The state of mind which induces this refusal is puzzling in the extreme; but it is, nevertheless, eloquent of the attitude these various "representative" bodies take of their relations with others. I am not able to say whether this attitude is the result of the fact that the R.A.C. does consider itself a very superior sort of body, standing on heights far removed from the common herd of "other associations," or whether it has any real and explainable reasons for standing aloof. Now, I do not care very much what this body does about placing scouts on the road in opposition to its hated enemy the A.A., but I do care very much about its attitude towards legislation. It seems to regard itself as the sole vehicle of communication between the motorist and the Government, and as the one and infallible adviser of the latter in matters affecting the law of motoring and the highways. It does not recede from that position, in spite of the fact that there are other bodies, even more important to the motor user and motor manufacturer, who have their points of view. All these other interests are represented on the Motor Legislation Committee, but the god-like R.A.C. will have nothing to do with it. That is the way the interests of the motorist are being played with and allowed to suffer by reason of "superiority." Yet some people affect surprise when it is proposed to found another new body which shall really stand for the motorist and not for self-appointed dictators. W. W.



WITH A BULL-DOG ON GUARD ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT:
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existing bodies; but, if things go on as they are for much longer, I shall become a whole-hearted partisan of the idea of throwing overboard these selfish



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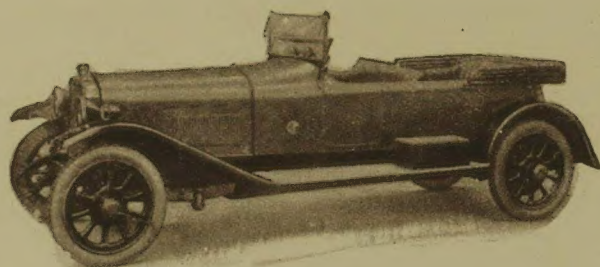
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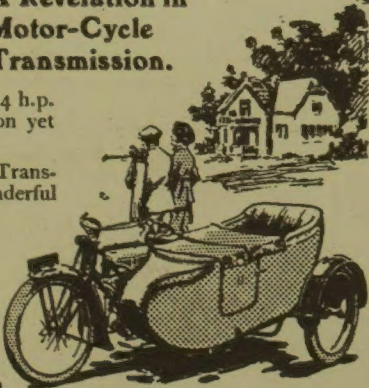
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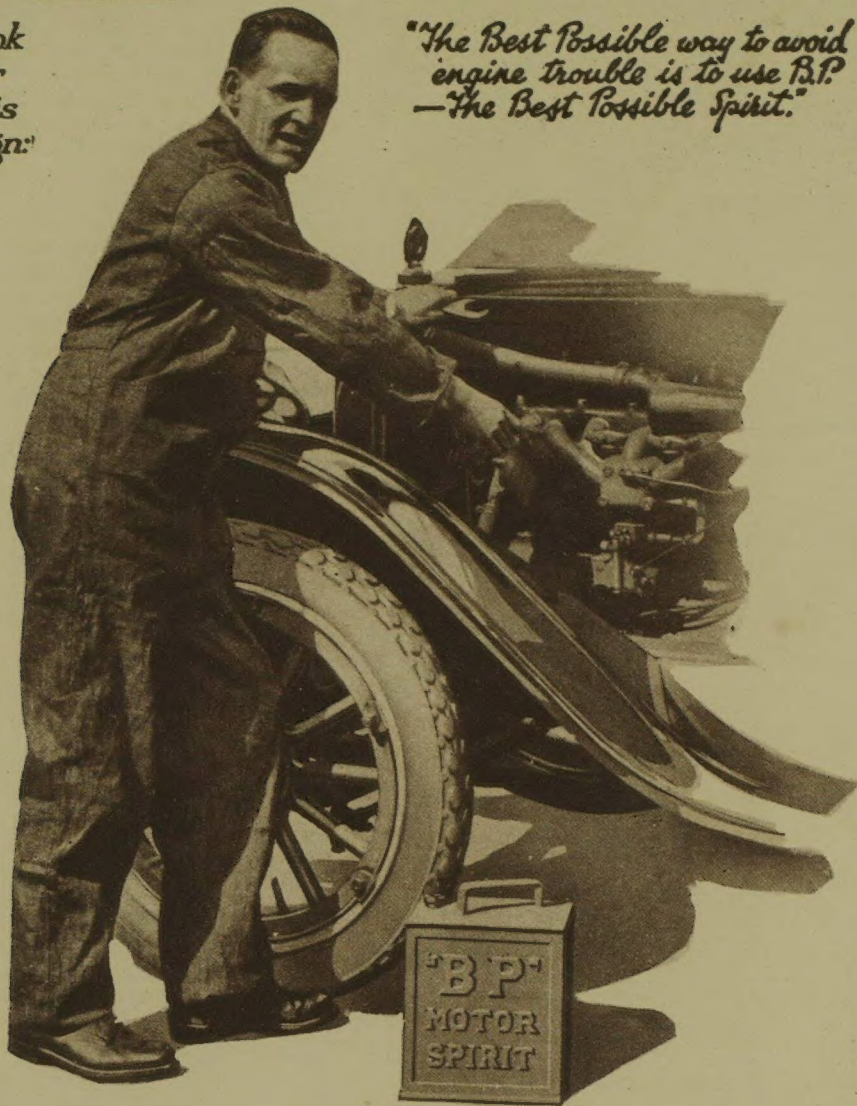
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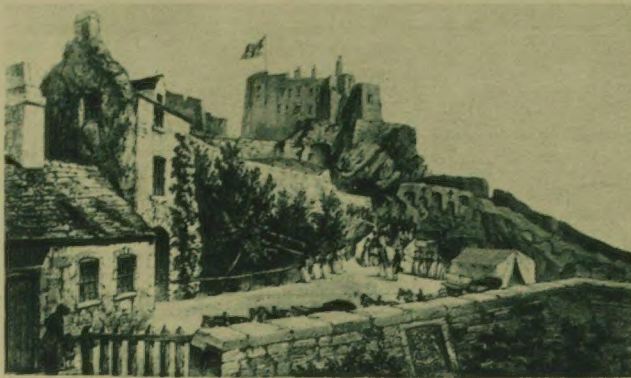
"AFTER DINNER," AT THE LYRIC.

THE new programme at the Lyric is remarkable rather for its all-round excellence than for its novelty. "After Dinner" may, indeed, be described as a sort of revue scheme into which famous performers such as George Graves, Harry Green, Nat D. Ayer, Jennie Benson, and Daphne Pollard introduce long-popular turns. To discuss at this time of day the wheezes and gags in which Mr. Graves indulges in performing "The Key of the Flat," the merits of Mr. Green's acting in "The Cherry Tree," Mr. Ayer's songs from "The Bing Boys," and other revues, the coster ditties and impersonations of Miss Benson, and the way in which Miss Pollard renders "Cleopatra," would be a work of mere super-erogation. Suffice it to say that these familiar and always acceptable performances constitute the backbone of Mr. Ernest C. Rolls' new entertainment.

THE FRENCH VERSION OF "THE BARTON MYSTERY."

All those who remembered the late Harry Irving's amusing and impressive performance of the medium in Mr. Walter Hackett's play, must have been anxious to see what "The Barton Mystery" would look like in French guise. It certainly looks different, and Beverley, too, in the process of naturalisation, has lost something of his *panache* and eerie authority. The adapters, MM. Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr, have made two fundamental alterations in the scheme of

the play, which, while adding to the probability of the story, denude it of its uncanny elements and turn it into a mere detective tale. They have converted the dream of the husband into a dream pure and simple. More important variation too, they have introduced



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On another page we publish a photograph of the King and Queen at Mont Orgueil last week. The old oil-painting of which we give a reproduction above hangs on the walls of the factory of Messrs. Luce, in Jersey. During last week's visit the firm presented a thousand bottles of their famous eau-de-Cologne to Queen Mary, who has sent them to the patients in the London hospitals.

a scene between Mrs. Barton, the murdered man's office boy, and Beverley, which enables the medium to collect some of the facts of the case before he brings to bear upon them his psychic influences. These changes, of course, convert Beverley from a sort of "Sludge" to a second-rate Sherlock Holmes; so that the character of the medium becomes drab instead of flamboyant. It was admirably acted, however, by Jacques de Féraudy, clever son of a distinguished father; while M. Sky was very diverting in Holman Clark's old part.

"LA CHARRETTE ANGLAISE," AT THE GARRICK.

The most broadly amusing, though not exactly the wittiest, play which the French author-actor has brought out at the Garrick is "La Charrette Anglaise," a farce making fun of the English, wherein M. Verneuil has collaborated with M. Georges Berr. The action of the play takes place during the war, early in 1916, and shows how Robert Sharpless, an English resident in France, hearing that a bill for the compulsory enlistment of bachelors is contemplated, makes proposals of marriage to a charming French girl, who, confusing him with William Sharpless, a daring aviator, accepts him. Most of the fun is derived from the arrival on the scene of the real, the celebrated Sharpless, who, wearing tweeds, sandy hair, and a walrus moustache, turns out to be an impossible person devoted to whisky and pugilism, and provided with as many sweethearts as he has creditors. The acting of "La Charrette Anglaise" was admirably effective.

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